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The Works of George Berkeley, D. D., Bishop of Cloyne. 2 Vols. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, M. A. London: Tegg.

In the following pages we propose to consider Bishop Berkeley, less as a metaphysician, than as a thinker on ethics and politics and a member of society. All that is valuable in his *Essay on Vision* is in common currency; and his theory of idealism has long ranked only as a brilliant paradox. But his *Alciphron* deserves to be more popular than we believe it is; his *Querist*, at the time of its publication, was no mean contribution to political science, and even now is of use to every student of Ireland; and his life forms a link between many bright names, and is a remarkable specimen of worth allied to genius. From this point of view, therefore, we may contemplate one of the most pleasing figures of the eighteenth century.

George Berkeley was born in 1684, at Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny. He was of Anglo-Irish descent. His paternal grandfather accompanied to Ireland his kinsman, Lord Berkely of Stratton, who held the office of Lord Lieutenant from 1670 to 1672. His father was apparently an independent landowner; an old keep, now mouldering along the banks of the Nore, near the demesne of Woodstock, is still pointed out as his place of residence. In 1696, the future philosopher was sent to Kilkenny school, a foundation endowed by the House of Ormonde, and still rising from pleasant meadows before their renovated castle. A few years before, Congreve and Swift had been inmates of the place, and had there formed a friendship which even the *sæva indignatio* of after-life could not weaken. We have no records of Berkeley's school-days—a period often inscrutable to the biographer, but generally full of influences upon the career of his subject. No "thin breaths of rumor" inform us whether among plodding ushers, and the busy or the studious commonplaces of his schoolfellows, he was considered as a lad of promise. We may be certain, however,—for morally the boy is the father of the man—that at school, as else-

where, he was remarkable for that kindness of disposition and modesty of character which, in after years, Atterbury designated as "angelic."

At the age of fifteen he was matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. St. George Ashe, afterwards Bishop of Clogher, was his tutor, and, a few years before, had been in the same relation to Swift, even then remarkable for distempered genius. He became the common friend of both his eminent pupils—a medium between two noble contrasts—and, long afterwards, persuaded Swift to silence scandal by giving the name of wife to the ill-fated Stella. Berkeley remained about twelve years in residence at the University, and, in this long period, doubtless acquired that love for "the studious cloisters pale," which, in old age, urged him to abandon a bishopric for unpensioned retirement at Oxford. He was evidently an assiduous student. In 1702 he became a scholar, in 1707 a Fellow of Trinity College—honors at that place of learning fortunately reserved to academic merit—and, before he was twenty, had written a mathematical treatise, entitled *Arithmetic Demonstrated without the aid of Algebra*. We may be assured, too, that though a Tory in all his leanings, he was a general favorite even among the zealous Whigs, who fed on Locke and toasted King William in the Common Room of Trinity College. For it is the privilege of University life that intellectual superiority is admired, not envied; and Berkeley's peculiar gentleness and suavity of character must have made him welcome in any circle. In several passages of his works he alludes affectionately to his Alma Mater, and clearly points out the benefits of University education in his *Alciphron*.

In the first years of the last century, the principal studies at Trinity College appear to have been mathematics and Locke's *Essay*. Locke, ungratefully exiled from Oxford, had probably been introduced into Dublin through his political doctrines. That Berkeley became an accomplished mathematician is proved by many of his works from the *Mathematical Miscellanies* to the *Analyst*;

but, as we might expect, he treats this science through a metaphysical medium, which interprets the order of laws in nature as successions of sensational phenomena. It was at College that he seems to have acquired all his learning about that master science which aims at solving the two problems, what is man, and what is the world around him, in their mysterious relations, and which is, as it were, the parent of all sciences, sending them forth to gather in their groups of truths, when it has proclaimed the nature of their subject-matter. This learning was evidently profound, and was soon to be reproduced in a new and beautiful combination. We think that we trace the influences of Locke, Plato, and Malebranche upon his intelligence. He seems to have considered with the first that the science of metaphysics, in its true sense, as truth about the nature of things, is to be sought in an account of our own ideas, although he rejected a philosophy which, we must say, appears at first sight under the common term idea to identify the operations of our minds with sensations; and he fiercely assailed its tenet, that general notions are to be gathered out of particulars by abstraction. From Plato he borrowed style, and, we think, general method; though he renounced his metaphysics, which appear to us emphatically to assert the reality of an external world, distinct alike from the Creator and the creature, and perceived in laws, a knowledge of which is partly conceived, partly acquired, but in a great measure utterly withheld, or only caught at in casual glimpses. He denied vehemently that he had any thing in common with Malebranche, and certainly in many particulars differed from that philosopher: but we think that the theory, that perception is the result of the influx of the Divine Mind into our own, may have suggested the hypothesis that the external world exists in a spirit apart from our own, whose will it is that it should form our sensations. At least, we may say, that both these thinkers agreed that all things that we can perceive outside us must for us be sensations, although the piety of Malebranche accepted realism as a revelation.

The years of Berkeley's college-life were pregnant with the social and political future of his country. In an evil hour Louis XIV. had recognized the son of James II. as King of England, and thereby had quickened

into activity the Grand Alliance against him. The throne of Spain was the pretext and the prize of the strife which now convulsed Europe. In the vast area for conflict which stretched from Gibraltar to the Orkneys, and from the Orkneys to the Adriatic, Ireland was a prominent object to the belligerents on either side. There, a few years before, England and France had met in fierce encounter, aggravated by a cruel civil warfare. Louis knew that his royal puppet of the House of Stuart might there be something like a king *de facto*. There he trusted that were the Bourbon flag to be raised it would arm against England the hatred of the Irish Roman Catholic nation. Every English statesman, from Halifax to Walpole, felt that there England reigned only over the Anglo-Protestant minority. While Ireland was thus a most vulnerable point, its Puritan Parliament began to clamor for securities against their popish enemies. Unfortunately these were taken in the form of a penal code against the Roman Catholics, which for eighty years assured their degradation, and has produced calamities which have not yet disappeared. While from his study in Trinity College Berkeley was viewing in Plato's creations the effects of right and wrong in political society, he might have marked close by a living example of the legalization of iniquity, and have calculated the event of political crime. He might have heard Sir Theobald Butler appeal in vain to the Puritan zealots of the Irish House of Commons to stay a course of legislation which was about to crush his race, and might have seen how civil hatred and fear can banish reason from law. We wish we could record that he ever protested against the Penal Code. But when it was enacted he was immersed in speculation, and probably did not think on the subject; and though his later writings prove that his feelings towards his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen were more liberal than those of his contemporaries, it is not likely that he would have repudiated a policy which had the sanction of Somers and of St. John, of Locke and of Swift, of Addison and Harley.

In the year 1709, at the age of twenty-five, he published *The Essay towards a New Theory of Vision*, at once the most original and soundest of his metaphysical works. In the next year his famous scheme of imma-

rialism appeared in the *Principles of Human Knowledge*. It is very remarkable, but only a proof of the paradoxes to which the theory of subjective idealism was forcing able thinkers, that the very same doctrines contained in this treatise were at this time in manuscript, within the writing-desk of Mr. Arthur Collier, who had never met Berkeley in all his life. The time was not propitious to a work of audacious and refined speculation. The mind of England was stirred to its depths by the news of battles abroad, and by the fury of faction at home. The war of the Succession was still raging; but the crown of Spain had been lost on the field of Almanza; the victory of Malplaquet had been dearly bought; the accession of the Archduke Charles to the empire had frustrated a main object of the alliance; and France, though humbled, was unconquered. Public opinion began to turn against the great Whig Ministry, and was stimulated by the creeping arts of Harley; by the bed-chamber gossip of Mrs. Masham; and by the Tory leanings of Anne. At last the prosecution of Sacheverell, unwisely pressed by Godolphin, and suddenly condensing into menacing forms all the elements of Jacobite, Tory, High Church, and popular discontent, gave the signal of a revolution. The Whig Ministry was turned out, to be replaced by very equivocal foes of France and the Pretender; Marlborough, though not yet superseded, was thwarted and denounced; peace was already under consideration; and from both Whigs and Tories burst forth a storm of crimination and abuse, sustained by the ablest pens that ever wrote for party, and swelled by a noisy popular outcry. It would not have been strange if the voice of philosophy could not have found a hearing in the uproar. But Berkeley's extraordinary doctrines, mocking common sense, giving the lie to consciousness, sweeping away materialism, and in many parts assailing the whole philosophy of Locke, seem to have attracted immediate attention. Undoubtedly, too, the clear and precise style in which they were set was a great recommendation; since Collier's book, which appeared shortly afterwards, and which is the same in purport, but very inferior as a composition, fell still-born from the press, and was nearly lost. Berkeley's system was carped at by Whiston, late Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and then famous for his contest

with the expiring convocation. It excited, as we shall see hereafter, the peculiar aversion of Malebranche, who probably was horror-stricken at beholding a scheme, so akin to his own, carried out logically in all its consequences. It was also assailed by Clarke, who perhaps felt bitterly its bold annihilation of space, out of which he had evolved his demonstration of the Deity, and who afterwards seems to have treated it in a different temper from that exhibited in his controversy with Butler. But, according to Swift, it quickly gained "many eminent proselytes," and it instantly introduced its author to the highest society in London, then brilliant with literary genius. For the next three years, however, he chiefly resided at the University of Dublin, devoting his time to the development of his famous theory.

In 1712, he preached three sermons in the University Chapel, upon the duty of Passive Obedience. They were made the pretext of calling him a Jacobite, and, in after years, were used against him as a bar to preferment. But, in truth, they would have disgusted Filmer; and though they glance sharply at Locke, they would scarcely have vexed him; for they are quite consistent with loyalty to the house of Hanover, and are brilliant evasions of the real point at issue; full of principles of undoubted soundness. We would not dwell on them, but that, in our opinion, they completely anticipate Paley's argument for the basis of moral obligation, and Butler's remark in the *Analogy*, that the justice of general laws is to be measured by their natural results, in the majority of instances, and not in their fortuitous incidence.

The true object of self-love, argues Berkeley, is our greatest, and therefore our eternal happiness. But this must result from a conformity to God's will, inasmuch as He plainly ordains the general welfare of the universe. God's will, however, is expressed in general laws, the effect of which is the greatest good of all things, although in their application to particular cases, evil appears to be incidental to them, and hence we are under an obligation to obey them. But one of these laws is, that resistance shall not be made to the Supreme Legislative Authority, although this may be, accidentally, the occasion of much suffering and inconvenience. We think that as regards the dogma of passive obedience to tyranny in every conceivable case, these

principles do not help the argument in the least; unless by non-resistance to the Supreme Legislative Authority it be meant that obedience in political society must always be due, in all particulars, to every despotic force that may be enabled to wreak its will upon it. Berkeley, however, expressly guards himself from this interpretation, by admitting "that obedience may be limited as to its objects;" "that we are not obliged to submit the disposal of our *lives* and fortunes to the discretion of *madmen and lunatics*, or of those who by *craft and violence* invade the supreme power;" and therefore by conceding that the elements of "supreme legislative authority" may be vested in the governed as well as in the governing body, he resolves into thin air the faith of the tyrant. And thus the real issue is evaded; for no one denies that obedience to government is the general rule; all that is contended for is, that it may and should be resisted, when it arrays against itself the true elements of authority. As regards all the *premises* in the above argument, we think that our readers will find them again in the great writers we have mentioned.

In the next year, Berkeley published, in London, his *Three Dialogues between Philonous and Hylas*, which reproduce his metaphysics, in the graceful form adopted by Plato. In breadth and execution, this work is very superior to the original treatise. His reputation was now fully established: and in London, at this period, literary fame was a certain passport to social eminence. For men of letters were now the interpreters to the nation of the fiercest controversy which ever divided Whig and Tory; and, in their own elevation, Addison, Steele, and Swift had raised their order to peculiar dignity. The Peace of Utrecht had been concluded, and the Treaty of Commerce was under angry discussion. At home there seemed a prospect of a counter-revolution, which might place James the Third upon the throne, undo the work of twenty-five years, renew the dependence of England upon the House of Bourbon, establish a Tory cabal in protracted power, and be the signal of a Whig proscription. Abroad, although the cannon of Marlborough had well nigh affrighted the echoes of Versailles, and although his glory was dimmed, and his kingdom desolated, Louis could repeat his boast that there were no

more Pyrenees, for Philip was on the throne of Spain. The Whig outcry that England was sold to France, that her trade was sacrificed, that the Pretender had Harley and Bolingbroke in his pay, that the cause of the Grand Alliance had been basely betrayed, was encountered by the Tory rejoinder that the Church and the Crown were in danger, that the war was a mere Whig interest, that the public accounts were all a cheat, that the nation was sinking under debt and jobbing. The benches of both Houses of Parliament echoed these fierce recriminations; they were the staple of hustings' speeches at the election of 1713; and they were spread abroad through the nation in the lively prose of Steele, the flowing and polished irony of Addison, and the apostate sarcasm and blighting humor of Swift. Steele was now of sufficient importance to be made a parliamentary martyr; Addison had recently been Chief Secretary for Ireland; Swift had just received the reward of tergiversation in the Deanery of St. Patrick's; and with these men—the glory of friendly, the terror of hostile statesmen—Berkeley associated in friendly equality. About this time, too, he became intimate with Pope, then just rising into poetic fame. But though a Tory in principle, he did not at this, nor indeed at any time, steep in the gall of party-writing a pen dedicated to philosophy; nor would, in truth, his chaste and precise style, severely logical, and only copious in illustration, have at all suited a pamphleteer. Two or three papers of his, about this time, written for the *Guardian*, do not shine with peculiar lustre in that mediocre publication.

At this moment it is probable that the din of London society, agitated by unexampled political fury, was not congenial to his retiring and contemplative disposition. In November, 1713, he became chaplain to the brilliant and eccentric Earl of Peterborough—in war a Ney, in peace a second Zimri—and with him left England for the embassy to Sicily, which had just been ceded to Victor Amadeus by the treaty of Utrecht. They were not, however, companions long, for the fidgety soldier, in one of his wonted fits of hurry, left chaplain, family, and baggage at Leghorn, and sped onwards without such impediments. Berkeley's letters to his friend Thomas Prior—one of the few unobtrusive patriots of whom Ireland can boast—gave a

lively account of this journey. He notices the "splendor and riches of the churches, convents, palaces, and colleges" of Paris, and significantly alludes to the misery of the people, ruined by the long war of the Succession; although, from fear of the French Post-office, he "declines speaking of it." He listens to "a disputation at the Sorbonne," "full of French fire," and meditates a visit to Malebranche, which, however, was unpaid. In crossing the Alps, on his way from Lyons to Turin, he is "carried across Mont Cenis in open chairs, along rocks and precipices, where a false step was death;" a route more like that of Hannibal's soldiers, than that which is now open to the traveller. At Turin, his Tory feeling for the Peace of Utrecht makes him glad to find that it has not alienated the Piedmontese, and that there "every Englishman is sure of respect." He stays three weeks at Genoa, to admire its painted palaces its groves of orange and fig, and its stately port; and at Leghorn—in the course of a complimentary letter upon the *Rape of the Lock*—he informs Pope of his abandonment by his patron. It would appear, indeed, that Peterborough had quite forgotten his chaplain, and never took him to Sicily at all.

But the relation between these contrasts was about to terminate. In July, 1714, St. John had driven Harley from office. He was virtually prime minister; and the first step of this brilliant cheat—a very Mark Antony in morals and politics—was vainly to try to conciliate the Whigs; his next to traffic with the Pretender for his own aggrandizement. The Queen was dying, and the Tories were in power; the great mass of the nation was apathetic, or smarting under Whig taxes; the recognized successor to the Crown was a foreigner of unenviable reputation and unknown person, and a bold policy might now secure the throne to James the Third, and give a long lease of power to the faction of Bolingbroke. But the conspiracy was destined to fail, though not, we think, devoid of elements of success. St. John had placed confidence in Charles, Duke of Shrewsbury—skilled in dissimulation even among the public men of the day—and was outwitted by him. The crisis came with the sudden decline of Anne; and the plausible and accomplished "King of Hearts"—treacherous, but for once free from vacillation—with Somerset and Argyle, arranged the counterplot. The

Whig party was quietly organized; the Queen's dying hands gave the Lord Treasurer's staff to Shrewsbury, who accepted the trust in the sole interest of George the First; to the astonishment of the Jacobites, all the instruments of revolution were taken out of their hands; and, without the loss of a life, the Protestant succession was secured. Atterbury in vain advised that James the Third should be proclaimed; St. John might idly boast that the Tories only wanted self-reliance to win; by September the new king was on the throne, and the Pretender had lost the best chance that had ever appeared for him. At the first news of the great change, Peterborough set off from Sicily at his wonted speed; from Paris he brought word that Louis, made wise by experience, had recognized George; and in the rapidity of his motions, and of the times, he probably forgot all about his chaplain; for Berkeley and he were not companions again. It would seem, indeed, that the uncongenial associates did not keep up any subsequent correspondence.

Berkeley, however, was soon to become a traveller again. After recovering from a severe illness—as to which Arbuthnot rejoices, "that philosopher Berkeley has now again the *idea* of health"—he complied with the wish of his former tutor, now a bishop, that he should accompany his son, Mr. Ashe, in a tour in Europe. On this occasion, in 1715, he paid Malebranche his meditated visit. The old man was in a truly Socratic cell, suffering from inflammation of the lungs, and preparing some medicine for it. The conversation turned upon metaphysics. Malebranche had appealed to faith to reconcile his peculiar form of supernatural idealism with consciousness, and thus had flattered himself that philosophy would only affirm religion. "La foy," he says, "m'apprend que Dieu a crée le ciel et la terre. Donc voila toutes mes apparences changées en réalités. Il y a des corps: cela est démontré en toute rigueur la foy supposée." We can understand his indignation and astonishment at hearing a bolder thinker reject his faith as a silly compromise, as, at best, the *idea* of a realism he could not prove; and, with a merciless logic, force a kindred idealism to destroy the absolute existence of matter. The aged philosopher stormed at his young antagonist, and in his wrath so aggravated his illness, that in a few days he was no more. He was

seventy-seven years of age, and in a life of peculiar piety had become not unworthy, "no longer in a glass darkly, but face to face," to behold those mysteries he had dreamed on so long.

Berkeley did not return to England till 1720. In his absence of five years he travelled through Italy, from Turin to Rhegium, and, for a considerable time, was in Sicily. He had written a Natural History of that island, and likewise a diary of his adventures and impressions, but they were lost at Naples; and our only record of all he felt and saw is a letter to Pope, and another to Arbuthnot. From the old Inarimè, no longer echoing the groans of the Titan, he sketches for the poet the delicious scenery of the Bay of Naples—rich in poetic and historic associations from Homer to Tacitus—and he tells Arbuthnot how, fearless of the fate of Pliny, he climbed Vesuvius, to behold its fury. But we are left to conjecture how, as he wandered from the antique Cisalpine cities—once the outposts of the empire, now the fortresses of the foreigner—to where the mouldering columns and temples of Girgenti remind us of the old Greek colonization; how, as in the picture-galleries of Florence, he gazed on the masterpieces of an art that there is now in decay, how, as from the dome of St. Peter's he looked out on the perishing magnificence of republican and imperial Rome, and contrasted it with the living images of another faith and another power rising in solemn splendor around; he may everywhere have realized to himself the philosophy, that all things of sense and time are in continual change. We may imagine him passing out from these populous cities of modern Italy, where strangers crowd to gaze at the bronzes, pictures, friezes, and sculptures of her past civilization, to the wastes of the Campagna, once the home of the Latin race, or threading his way through the half-deserted valleys of the Apennines, from whose fastnesses and hamlets—*castella in tumultis, præruptis oppida saxis*—issued of old the strength of the Roman legions; and reflecting sadly how the poet's boast that art was of Greece, but empire of Rome, was now a bitter satire on the poet's nation. But we may believe that when he visited the grave of Cicero, and thought on their common efforts to rescue man from materialism, he must have rejoiced that the Roman's sad doubt—"harum vero

sententiarum quæ vera sit Deus aliquis viderit"—had been solved by a certain Revelation. And we may surmise that, as he mused over the urn of Virgil, he felt no unworthy pride at having made philosophy protest against the pantheism that stands out in his noble lines:

"——cælum, et terras, camposque liquentes
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titanique astra,
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore
miscet."

Immediately before Berkeley's return to England, he published at Lyons, for the French Academy of Sciences, a Latin treatise upon Motion. It is remarkable that it does not entangle the subject with his peculiar metaphysics. It refers the *efficient* cause of motion to the Supreme Mind or Spirit; insists that *absolute* motion, independent of sensible objects, like absolute space, is a mere chimera of abstraction, and defines motion as the successive existence of bodies in various places. In his metaphysics he would analyze motion into the *succession of sensations suggested to us in things perceived*; and as this account of it would be unintelligible without understanding his philosophy, he probably avoided it on purpose. The treatise *De Motu* is short, but it contains some valuable observations upon the proper limits of the different sciences; and, as far as we can judge from a hasty comparison, it has been well translated in the edition of 1843.

In 1721, he was again in London society. Of the friends he had made in youth, Addison, before this, had "shown how a Christian could die;" and Swift was fretting in banishment in Ireland; but Steele remained; Pope was in the zenith of his fame; and Arbuthnot was mocking science in the first book of *Scriblerus*. In the maturity of life, when envy begins to quail before genius, with European fame, with a taste cultivated by study and experience, with a person of singular beauty and dignity, with a charm of manner that sprang from the sweetness of his disposition, and with the undefinable authority of a virtuous character, Berkeley was now secure of many friends and admirers. For the first time he now wrote on contemporaneous affairs. The South Sea Bubble had burst; and the nation was seeking amends for its folly in a frantic cry for vengeance. A plan for converting the South

Sea Company into a public creditor, by inducing certain classes of fundholders to invest in its stock, had been the occasion of one of those manias for stockjobbing which seem periodically to afflict England. It was suddenly discovered that all the wealth of South America was to flow to the fortunate holders of South Sea scrip. Eldorados of mines of gold and precious stones, of unknown cities, rich with all the elements of trade and spoil, played before deluded eyes, that perhaps could not discern Cuba from Peru. In a short time the Company's stock had risen from a hundred to a thousand pounds, and still into the huge lottery millions flowed. One speculation bred another; and projects the most frantic and illusory were certain of favor. At length, when mammon-worship had attracted to 'Change Alley many thousands of votaries; when the brokers' offices had become too narrow for the crowds; and princes, nobles, churchmen, ladies, had mingled in the throngs that truckled scrip in the streets; when the Sunflower Company, and the Human Hair Company, and the Sawdust Company, had sprung into life, and as was estimated, three hundred millions had changed hands, the whole fabric of imposture broke down, and a loud cry of ruin, and clamor for vengeance, was everywhere heard. While this outburst was raging; while in Parliament South Sea directors were shouted at as parricides; while their estates were being confiscated, and their lives were in jeopardy; and while the whole nation was smarting with an indignation it could not fully vent, there appeared from Berkeley's pen a short essay upon the causes and the remedies of the national misfortune. It is a curious production, and reads like a chapter from *The Republic* upon the affairs of England. The "atheistical love of private gain," breaking out in every form of luxury and selfishness, and reducing the State to a chaos of greedy individuals, is to be neutralized by "public spirit," to be generated by governmental regulation of all the affairs of life. The "State" is to confine the industry and energies of its subjects to noble ends; to promote virtue by direct rewards; to penetrate into families, and mould their habits; to cast into its own forms domestic life. A glance at society ought to have told Berkeley that the only possible depositaries of this tremendous power,—justifiable when govern-

ments are necessarily infinitely wiser, better, and more judicious than their subjects, but not till then,—were scarcely fitted for the trust. The Aislabies, the Craggs, the Sunderlands, the Walpoles, were sorry representatives of those philosophers, to whose perfect wisdom, prudence, and virtue, Plato delegated his all controlling omnipotence of government.

Towards the close of 1721, and through the influence of Lord Burlington, who appreciated his taste in art, and remained through life his friend, Berkeley became chaplain to the Duke of Grafton. His Grace had just been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in his suite, after a protracted absence, Berkeley returned to his native country. Here he renewed his intimacy with Swift, who was availing himself of the wrongs of Ireland to avenge himself for neglect, and to show his powers as a party-writer. The commercial legislation of the British Parliament towards that country was a fitting and popular subject for complaint. The Irish woollen trade had been destroyed; Irish merchants were excluded from the monopolies which then formed the foreign trade of England; and Irish shipowners were excepted from the Navigation Acts, which then confined the coasting and colonial commerce of Great Britain to native vessels. Already, too, the injuries inflicted by the Penal Code were beginning to appear in a weak, insolent, and rapacious aristocracy—cut off from the people, void of real strength, and therefore despised by the English Government—and in a degraded and hopeless commonalty, unworthy of the name of a nation. The Anglo-Irish colony was in sullen discontent at repeated instances of contumely, at the restrictions of its commerce, and at the distribution of all patronage, when from the Deanery of St. Patrick's issued a denunciation of its grievances in a pamphlet entitled *A Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufactures*. It circulated extensively, and soon attracted the indignation of Government. Chief Justice Whitshed, a convenient instrument of oppression, was directed to visit the printer with especial vengeance. The presentment of the grand jury upon his indictment for libel was published in all the papers, and a petty jury was packed to try him. But although the Irish Scroggs appealed alike to their terror and their sympathies, laid his hand on his heart, and declared the Pretender was in the book,

and sent them back nine times to reconsider their verdict of not guilty, the prisoner escaped his tender mercies. Instantly an anonymous, but well-known pen, retaliated in scathing and merciless satire. The Dean of St. Patrick's was once more a power in the State. In two or three years afterwards he had convulsed a nation, shattered a government, and proclaimed the doctrine of Irish independence, in the well-known *Drapier's Letters*. How Berkeley at this period kept up his correspondence with the Castle's great antagonist does not appear, but we know they continued intimate friends.

But the thread of life of these distinguished contrasts was fated to be woven in a melancholy history. Early in 1713, Swift had introduced Berkeley to Esther Vanhomrigh. She had already given her heart to that inscrutable genius, over the history of whose loves such a mystery hangs; but she proved that she never forgot his mild and pleasing friend. A year or two after Swift had settled in Ireland, she followed him there to feed a hopeless attachment. In vain he treated her with coolness and neglect; she clung to him with wild and impassioned devotion. At length Swift went through the form of marriage with Stella; and the virgin wife proved an insuperable bar to her rival. She lived at Cellbridge, tending a sick sister, brooding over a hopeless love, and, as yet, informed by rumor only, that Cademus could never marry her. At length suspense became intolerable, and she wrote to Stella to know her exact relations with the Dean. Stella simply replied that she was the wife of Swift; and, naturally indignant at his conduct, retired from his house, and left behind her her rival's letter. The rest is well known. Swift, in a fit of frenzy, broke into the house of the unhappy girl; glared at her with ferocious eyes; and, without uttering a word, flung her letter on the table, and she saw him no more. His victim did not long survive the agony of mingled indignation, despair, and unconquerable love. The heart that was broken was not "brokenly to live on;" and before many weeks there was no owner to "Vanessa's bower." Her will divided her fortune between Berkeley and her cousin Judge Marshal. It would appear that, since 1713, she had not met Swift's illustrious friend. We cannot conjecture whether the bequest was owing to his reputation, to her reminiscences, or be-

cause in her mind he was associated with the thoughts of happier days; but it would be pleasing to think that, while she lay on that melancholy deathbed, and Swift was far away in an agony of remorse, the presence of Berkeley had soothed her feverish griefs, and his voice had told her of those places "where the weary are at rest."

Some time before this sad event Berkeley had been meditating upon a scheme which will ever mark his name as a Christian philanthropist. The British colonies in America, from the St. Lawrence to the tropics, had already become settlements of importance. Already along the seaboard of North America had been planted many of those great cities which now rival Liverpool and Glasgow. The white man had even now made civilization secure among the wigwams of the red man and the primeval forest. Far to the south, under a burning sun, and in distant seas, British planters occupied the Western Indies. But the colonists had now little in common with those stern and single-hearted Puritans who were the pioneers of the American empire. With growing wealth and civilization sprung up their concomitant vices; and the influences to encourage them were many, to check them, feeble. Generally morals were corrupted by the taint of slavery; by the insolence engendered by isolation among inferior races; and by the absence of all real religious organization. The planters lived among droves of human beings, brought up to live and die without a God, or a hope; among savages whom they despised and with whom they kept no faith; and under a church which included America within the diocese of London, and sent to her shores the most worthless or ignorant of her clergy. In the French and Spanish colonies morals were perhaps worse; but the Catholic organization of the Church of Rome was everywhere apparent in religious institutions, and in the many missionaries she sent forth to preach and to convert. Thinking over these things, Berkeley resolved that, so far as in him lay, they should continue no longer. He wished to see the Church of England a living and spreading influence in America, no longer administered by a bishop in London, and by the refuse of Oxford and Cambridge; but, self-governing in a native episcopate and clergy, no longer a feeble exotic, but a vigorous growth to take root downward, and

bring good fruit upward. He wished, beside the colonists, to gather within her shade the wretched hordes of slavery, and those wild races who daily prayed to the "Great Spirit," as they gazed on the majesty of nature. If this great end could be attained, he justly thought, that a national colonial church, linked to the Church of England by the tie of common doctrines and discipline, and forming a perpetual bond for the jarring elements of colonial society, would be at once a benefit to the empire, a blessing to America, and a triumph to religion. Few, we apprehend will dispute the propriety of these views, or not regret that the advantages of a coherent religious organization,—with a well-defined social status,—with a disciplined and subordinated hierarchy,—with the elements of development embodied in a large staff of missionaries,—and, in the name of a common faith, establishing a point of union for the colonial, the Indian and the African races, were not early secured for America. But Berkeley was too wise a man not to anticipate much opposition to any project in that direction, or to expect for it a speedy or brilliant accomplishment. He well knew that he would have to encounter the English dislike to speculative measures, the antagonism of vested interests in the Church of England, the apathy or distrust of a Parliament led by Walpole, the detraction which carps at genius it cannot comprehend. He knew further that the only chance of rooting the church deeply in America was to establish an efficient body of colonial clergy, and to connect with it a powerful corps of native American missionaries. The end, therefore, was only to be reached by slow degrees, and after a long lapse of time; and with true penetration he saw the means in a fitting system of education. Could proper colleges be founded, in which a sufficient number of the colonial youth might be brought up for the ministry, and could seminaries for rearing native American missionaries be united to them, he thought the germ of the church for which he longed might be sown, and would grow in strength. But all depended on the beginnings of the system,—upon the first planting of the sacred nursery. He resolved to establish the first College himself; to become its President, and to collect there a few friends as its Fellows; and, far away under other suns, and amidst unknown races, to dedicate

his genius and devote his life to the task of sowing the seed of the church.

In 1724 he received from the Duke of Grafton the rich preferment of the Deanery of Derry. A story is told that Lord Galway objected to the appointment because the "Sermons on Passive Obedience" were Jacobite in principle; and that Berkeley's pupil, Samuel Molyneux, the son of Locke's distinguished friend, having influence with the future Queen Caroline, refuted the charge by giving her the book to read, and presented to her the eminent author. But neither dignity nor riches stayed Berkeley for an instant from endeavoring to mature the noble plan he had formed. For about three years he had been carefully studying American society, seeking for a site for his intended college, and thinking on the most likely source for its endowment. At length his scheme was developed in a short prospectus published about the close of 1725. It is a remarkable monument of piety, sagacity, and self-devotion. After glancing at the inefficiency of the church in the colonies, at the want of clergy, and the absence of all attempts to convert the slave and savage races, and contrasting with it the energy of the Church of Rome, it cautiously sketches the scheme of a real Colonial Church of England, to be fed by a ministry from colonial colleges, and supported by missionaries of American Indians. The first of these seats of learning and religion was to be founded by charter in the Island of Bermuda, and to be named the College of St. Paul's. The funds for its endowment were to amount only to twenty thousand pounds, and were to be raised from the sale of some Crown lands in St. Christopher's Island. The foundation was to consist of a president at one hundred, and nine fellows at forty pounds each per annum. The first president was to be George Berkeley, Dean of Derry; three of the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, had agreed to become his associates, and the tale of sacred colonists was certain of completion. In the wilds of the Atlantic, among a rude and ignorant population, and far away from "troops of friends" and admirers, Berkeley was thus ready to spend his life in a noble cause, and to forego for it wealth, titles, and estimation. He was content if, like the old Greek colonist, who bore away to distant lands a spark of the hallowed flame that fed his native altars,

he could kindle for a growing empire and future generations some rays of that living faith which blessed the English Church.

The problem, however, was to obtain the charter and the money. Berkeley had previously applied to Swift, who had written to Carteret in his behalf. The letter of the Dean strives in vain to hide in cynicism the admiration he felt for the heroic projector. "This absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power," he says, "will break his heart if his deanery be not taken from him." "Therefore, either let your Excellency use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men of this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design." We do not know the result of this application; but though the scheme was just such as would have recommended itself to the brilliant and able statesman, he was no longer in favor with Walpole. In 1725, Berkeley tried another channel to men in power. He had, in Italy, made the acquaintance of the Abbé Gaultier. This personage formed one of a coterie of foreign men of letters, in whose conversation George the First used to try and forget the "bad Latin" of Sir Robert and Townshend, and steal an hour from his pipe and the Duchess of Kendal. Through Gaultier, Berkeley's scheme was brought before the King. We must leave it to fancy to describe how those harsh German features must have stared at a proposal which involved such noble self-devotion. But George the First appreciated the design and its author, and enjoined Walpole to speed "the pious undertaking." As we may suppose, it found little favor in the eyes of that able, cautious, but narrow-minded minister. To one whose whole statecraft was *quieta non movere*; who was mighty in means, but small in conception; and whose genius was peculiarly sober and practical, the plan appeared chimerical, and perhaps dangerous. It might tend to weaken the bond between the Colonies and the State, and would certainly give trouble, and trench on vested rights; and even if it promoted religion, Sir Robert "cared for none of these things." Since, however, the King wished it, he carried the grant through the House of Commons—not, we believe, without a secret resolution to frustrate it—and, on this occasion, Berkeley wrote in rapture that only "two voices disap-

proved of his project, and that even these seemed in shame at recording their opposition."

Before, however, the charter was obtained, the death of George the First cast fresh obstacles in his way. Again he exclaims, *j'ai la mer à boire*. But neither the difficulty of getting the new Sovereign to comply with his request, nor the strong tie to home and country which he had recently formed in a happy marriage, deterred him from fulfilling his noble purpose. Every thing at last was ready, and in September, 1728, with his young wife, two or three friends, and his library, he set sail for Newport, in Rhode Island. Here he intended to purchase the lands which were to endow St. Paul's College, and to secure its President and Fellows in their scanty stipend. His last recorded act on leaving Ireland, was secretly to send a sum of money to a destitute relation.

But Berkeley's design was not fated to succeed. Sir Robert Walpole had never approved of it, and was not sorry for an opportunity of defeating it. The lands in St. Christopher's Island were sold for ninety thousand pounds; and he appropriated the money to the dowry of the Princess Royal, and to establishing Protestant settlers in Georgia. Berkeley remained about three years in suspense. At length he wrote to the Bishop of London for particulars of the delay. He was informed by him of what had occurred; and that upon applying to Sir Robert in his behalf, he gave him the ambiguous answer, "that if he was asked as a minister, the money should be paid when convenient; but that his advice as a friend was, that Dr. Berkeley should not wait for it." Cruelly disappointed, Berkeley determined to return. Before he left Rhode Island, he distributed his library among its clergy, and large alms among its poor. His letters to Prior during his absence mark his interest in the colony; in the success of the Church of England there, "which all sects allow to be the second best;" and in the growth of our common Christianity throughout America. But they do not allude to *Alciphron*, which he composed at this period, and which we account his most solid title to fame, nor yet to the affectionate respect which met him every where in the colony. A writer in the *Times* of 1856 gives us this in-

formation, and tells us how, after a century and a quarter, his name there is still a pleasing reminiscence; and how the place where he wrote his great ethical work is still pointed out to the traveller from home.

On his return to England in 1732, he published *Alciphron*. It was carped at by Bolingbroke—then fretting at his political ostracism—as “in parts hard to be understood;” and loudly assailed by Hoadley, who most absurdly termed it “an attempt to make nonsense essential to religion.” But the admirable clearness of the majority of the dialogues, and the general felicity of its language, secured for the work ample reputation, and for the author a renewal of acquaintance with Queen Caroline. It would seem that Hoadley’s view of it had been presented to her Majesty through Mrs. Clayton, and that this, coupled with the prevalent antipathy to Berkeley’s idealism, had prejudiced the Queen against him. Certainly, in the metaphysical circle which surrounded Caroline’s tea-table, and in which Clarke at this time held a prominent place, Berkeley was not likely to find favor or justice. A philosopher who had made “abstract space and time” the “high, priori road” to prove the being of a God, was not the man to praise one who had driven away these abstractions from thought, and who, by Clarke’s own confession, was “unanswerable.” It is not impossible that, at these royal causeries, learned envy may have detracted from Berkeley’s genius, and characterized as senseless what it could not refute. But Sherlock, afterwards Bishop of London, who had already broken a lance with Collins, and who, therefore, was fully able to appreciate an attack upon “freethinking,” was resolved to disabuse the Queen. He gave her a copy of *Alciphron*, and asked her if the author could be a mere enthusiast. Her Majesty had an intellect able to appreciate the genius and power of the argument, and the beauty and simplicity of the style; and immediately made Berkeley one of her most favored guests. We are told that at the philosophic discussions which she delighted to encourage, and in which she took no contemptible part, Berkeley and Sherlock were ever found ranged against Clarke and Hoadley.

But the Queen was resolved to reward Berkeley as his worth and genius deserved. In that age of profligate promotion and Wal-

polian jobbing in every other department of the State, it is pleasing to think that her love of philosophy generally raised eminent divines to high places in the Church. It is no small title to good men’s praise that she conferred bishoprics upon the authors of the *Analogy* and *Alciphron*. It is said that she had got Berkeley appointed to the Deanery of Down, and that the King’s letter had been made out for the purpose; but that, as this had been done without the knowledge of the Lord Lieutenant, his Excellency was so much offended that the appointment was cancelled. But, however, this may be, the Queen’s favor followed Berkeley; and on the 17th of March, 1734, entirely through her influence, he was appointed to the vacant see of Cloyne, in Ireland. On the 19th of May following, he was consecrated in Dublin by the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishops of Raphoe and Killaloe; and he immediately proceeded to do the duties of his diocese.

From this period, until it approached its close, the current of Berkeley’s life flowed on, at Cloyne, unbroken by many incidents, and reflecting generally images of calm domestic life. The narrative of the seventeen years of his episcopate, is a specimen of that exercise of virtue, accompanied by external blessings, in which Aristotle places the happiness of man. At Cloyne, as in the rest of Ireland at this period, the elements of society were jarring and unkindly; but though he could not fuse them into concord he combined them into harmony with himself. He was placed among an aristocracy, which differences of race and faith, and iniquitous laws, made tyrannical towards their dependents, and which gave too faithful an image of a rapacious and ignorant squirearchy. He was a dignitary of a Church which had been perverted into an outwork of the Protestant garrison of Ireland, which was only known to the people through the tithe proctor and his bailiffs, and which had utterly been divorced from its real purpose. Around him grew up in hopelessness and penury a people who clung with eager faith to their persecuted Church, who were proscribed by law from rising in society, and who, therefore, had fallen into that indolent listlessness which ever characterizes slaves. But, though exposed to influences which were calculated to cripple his usefulness, to limit the sphere of his virtues, and perhaps to fill him with dis-

gust, Berkeley managed to make his presence felt with beneficent authority throughout the entire of his diocese. He conciliated the Protestant squirearchy by the amiability of his nature and the dignity of his manners, and by that weight of character which is the privilege of worth. He made great efforts to raise the lower orders in his diocese, by encouraging manufactures, establishing schools, and personally attending to their welfare. As, doubtless, he felt himself debarred by his position from attaining their full confidence, he applied to their despised clergy to aid him in the good work. A pamphlet which he addressed to them, under the name of *A Word to the Wise*, is a surviving record of his liberal feelings towards his Roman Catholic neighbors, and of his earnest desire for their amelioration. It admits the many grievances to which they are exposed, but urges on the priesthood the duty of encouraging them to industry. It closes by expressing a hope that both Protestant and Roman Catholic in Ireland might bury their animosities in love for their common country, and in doing manfully the work of the Author of their faith. It is not surprising that such sentiments, illustrated too in daily practice, should at last have joined the Protestant bishop and the Roman Catholic clergy in real good will. In 1749, he received the thanks of this order in his diocese for "his manner of treating persons in their circumstances so very singular;" and from this time, he was completely trusted and beloved by their flocks. At a time when, probably, no other Protestant bishop in Ireland cast a thought upon the neglected Catholic peasantry, Berkeley was winning their affectionate regard, and, throughout no small sphere, spreading "good-will among men."

Nor, during this time were his pen and voice altogether idle. Halley and some other mathematicians had thought fit to ridicule the evidences of Christianity, because they did not amount to mathematical demonstrations. Berkeley sought to stultify the rejectors, by asserting, with great ability and argument, that whole masses of their own science rested upon assumptions, and with this object he assailed the theory of fluxions. We will not enter into a controversy to which we could not do justice, and which, we believe, is no longer of interest. But, with this

exception, all his works of this period are practical in their tendency. In 1735, he published *The Querist*, a treatise, in our judgment of extraordinary merit, and to which we shall revert hereafter. In the following year the existence of a blasphemous society in Dublin named the Blasters, called forth from him an indignant reclamation, and induced him to speak with great effect in the Irish House of Lords. About 1740, that precarious root which, even then, was the staple of the peasant's food in Ireland, suddenly failed. There was then no Imperial Parliament to shield penury from famine, no Poor Law to force property to support the poor, no possible organization to protect the starving crowds. The cruel sufferings, the deaths by hunger, the melancholy scenes which then were witnessed, are described by Berkeley and were long remembered in Ireland. After famine came disease, and it seems to have been heavy in the diocese of Cloyne. Berkeley invented a remedy, and found it so efficacious that, in 1744 he gave it to the world in his *Siris, or, a Treatise on Tar Water*; a work in which he details all the virtues of his specific, and with extraordinary, but somewhat misplaced, argument and learning, tracks them beyond their material and formal, to their efficient cause, the mind of God. The list of his works is closed by his *Maxims concerning Patriotism*, a satire upon a class then prevalent in Ireland, and perhaps even yet not unknown in that country, the tribe of noisy and pretentious place-hunters. It would seem as if, in these his later years, the duties of his station, the care of his family, and the tendency of experience to soberize thought, had generally checked his love of speculation, and given his mind a bias to practical affairs.

Thus, happy in a family which grew around him to love him, and followed everywhere by affection and esteem, Berkeley passed onwards from manhood to old age. His correspondence gives us a picture of his life. Early in the morning he betook himself to Plato,—to whose genius he has paid many eloquent tributes,—perhaps seeking in that great thinker a supporter of his own philosophy, perhaps musing on the fascinating pages of the *Republic* or perhaps rejoicing that Revelation had solved the problem of the *Phædo*. The day he spent in the duties of his episcopate, conversing with his clergy

visiting the poor, distributing alms, encouraging industry. The evening saw him quietly at home, teaching his children, or watching the canvass become animated by the painting of his wife, or listening to her voice in the harmonies of Handel or Purcell. Nor are we without his own record of his external life. He almost persuades Pope to visit a neighborhood sacred to Spencer. He gives a passing tribute to Swift, when at length the grave had closed over his awful old age. He cannot help showing a little satisfaction at the defeat of his old thwarter, Walpole. He watches the career of Charles Edward with some interest and alarm; is very indignant with Cardinal Fleury, and betrays a warm sympathy with the cause of Maria Theresa. It would also appear from his letters, that Chesterfield was desirous to raise him to the primacy; he certainly had the refusal of the see of Clogher; but, as might have been expected, he preferred to remain where his life was so happy, and where he was so secure of many friends.

In 1752 his health began to fail. He had not learned that episcopalian savings were justifiably to be kept intact by retiring allowances, and he offered to resign his bishopric unconditionally. To the Pelhams, doubtless, this act must have seemed fanatical; but George II. was struck with the character it revealed, and insisted that Berkeley should retain his see, with a full dispensation of non-residence. The old man, accordingly, resolved to spend his last days at Oxford. If for a moment his eyes turned to London, where, forty years before, he had known early fame, and had made many friends, he must have been diverted from his purpose by the thought that now there were none to welcome him there. He was the last survivor of the great men who had shed lustre on the reign of Anne, and by so many of whom he was loved. Addison had long ago passed away, and Bolingbroke had just died to leave him the last on the list. To Oxford, therefore, his thoughts were bent. In July, 1752, he left Cloyne, in company with his wife and eldest son, who had just been entered at Christ Church, and followed far, we are told, by mourning crowds, who had learned to love him. His last episcopal act was to make a lease of his demesne lands for the benefit of the poor.

At Oxford he was welcomed as befitted his

eminence. But at this time there were few at that great University who could appreciate his intellectual height. The Oxford of 1752 was a very different place from that Oxford, which during the last twenty years has been so full of mental life, and which has had so marked an influence on English thought. The stately colleges, and the hierarchy of authority were there, but the energy of intellect was almost wanting. Oxford had become divorced from the nation, and identified more or less with the Jacobite faction; and, accordingly, in her fellows and heads of houses, she generally reared only bigoted pedants—in her students, Parson Adamases and squire Westerns. Ten years before, Adam Smith had been there, and had formed an idea of the place, that however unfavorable, was perfectly just. At this time, indeed, if we except Lowth, Warton, and Blackstone, we cannot call to mind a single Oxford M.A., in early manhood, whose future eminence was at all to be ascribed to university influences. When Berkeley came to reside at Christ Church, the only intellect at Oxford, that was at all of equal power with his own, was that of a sickly boy, who, already full of theology and history, had recently been matriculated at Magdalen, and was destined to write the *Decline and Fall of the Empire of Rome*.

But Berkeley's life beside the Isis was fated to be brief. On the 14th of January, 1753, he was reading from the Bible to his wife and son, when a palsy of the heart suddenly came on him. He had just strength to rise and turn his face towards the wall, when life forsook him, and he dropped down dead. Few, perhaps, were ever better prepared to meet that "sudden death" which we seek to avert by our anxious prayers. His funeral was attended by all the dignitaries of Christ Church, but would, we think, have presented a more touching pageant had it been followed by the simple mourners who would have flocked to it at Cloyne. And yet he rests becomingly within the University of Hooker and Butler. In that stately pile of Wolsey, which, among crowds of forgotten names, has reared for England ten generations of eminent men, a plain tablet tells the passer-by, that "If he be a Christian and a patriot, he may be glad that Berkeley lived." Not far off, in marble life, are the keen and careworn features of his antagonist, Locke. His portrait, by his wife, taken at "the prime of

manhood, when youth ends," and representing delicate Greek features, animated by dark eyes in lustrous calm, adorns the Examination Hall of the University of Dublin.

Thus Berkeley lived and died. What, as he would say himself, were his tracings of the shadowy images that flitted before his mind in the twilight of its prison-house, before it reached the upper regions of completed perception? His works may be classified as metaphysical, ethical and religious, and political; and we shall thus consider them, especially the two latter divisions.

We have already stated that, in our opinion, his *Essay toward a New Theory of Vision* is the ablest and most original of his metaphysical treatises. It demonstrates that the only proper objects of sight are light and colors, which experience gradually arranges into *characters*, from which distances and figures can be suggested to us. By the sense of feeling, or of touch, we acquire the ideas of distances and figures, and, as we observe every modification of distance and figure to furnish us with a particular visual sensation, we gradually learn what distances and figures these visual sensations indicate, and so interpret them instantly in the act of vision. Thus, on the one hand, a person endued with sight, but devoid of touch, would see, indeed, all that can be seen by any one—that is, shifting combinations of light and color; but he could not refer them to any tangible figures, or perceive by them tangible distances; and, on the other, a person born blind, but with the sense of touch, though he had acquired a full tactual perception of distances and figures, would not be able, on obtaining suddenly the gift of sight, to adapt the visual sensations, so as to behold objects like other men. Hence the senses of sight and touch are necessary to complete the *acquired* perceptions of the eye, and to adjust in its proper significance the dialect of vision by which we converse with nature.

His theory of immaterialism, or more properly, of subjective idealism, has long been famous, though, we think, less worthy of solid renown. It is not, we need scarcely say, to "be silenced by a coxcomb's grin," nor yet by Dr. Johnson's somewhat painful illustration, but we conceive that it has fairly been defeated by philosophy. It falls into the following analysis. Intelligence, argues Berkeley, exists, and has objects. But these

are *ideas or things suggested to and present in the mind, but apart from and independent of it*. Hence we have ideas of thought, evolved by watching the operations of the mind itself; ideas of memory and imagination; and ideas of sense or sensations—that is, things perceived immediately through the senses, present in the mind but distinct from it, or, in other words, things either seen, or felt, or smelled, or touched. Now, it is evident that ideas of thought, memory, and imagination, can only exist in a mind, or, which is the same thing, *cannot be conceived as existing in its absence*. But that which is termed *matter*, by which really is meant the *external world*, would also seem to exist only in a mind, or, in other words, *cannot be thought of as having a being without a mind*. For every particle, or every conglomerate of particles, that makes up the outer world, necessarily must be *a thing, or congeries of things, either seen, or felt, or smelled, or touched, or heard—that is, a thing, or series of things, perceived immediately through the senses*; and consequently, *the sum of these things, or the universe itself*, must be the *collect of percepts, or total of things perceived immediately through the senses*. But all things immediately perceived through the senses are *ideas of sense, or sensations*: and as these evidently can only exist in a mind—as to speak of ideas and sensations without supposing a mind would be as absurd as to speak of flowers and trees without implying vegetable life—it follows that the outer world can only exist in a mind, or, which is the same thing, cannot be conceived as having an existence without it. The conclusion therefore, is, not that the outer world—from the finest atom that "scarcely peoples the sunbeam" to the mightiest sphere that revolves in circles unknown—*does not exist*; it clearly has an existence to be seen, felt, touched, heard and smelled; but *that existence is in a mind*, evidenced and realized in the sensations; and therefore its Being is to be Perceived.

But, as this may seem paradoxical, or, at best, removed from common apprehension, we may examine the theory more minutely. Let it then be clearly understood that the question is, not whether *matter*, or the outer world *does*, or *does not exist*, but whether its existence is in a mind, or can be conceived without a mind. To test this, let us suppose

the absolute existence of this entity, matter or the outer world, apart from and independent of intelligence. Now matter is composed of masses of inertness—according to this hypothesis, infinite, and capable of perpetual subdivision. These masses, however, when severally analyzed, resolve themselves into individual bodies, which again, when scrutinized, become composites of extension, weight, and figure, or, as they are termed, the primary qualities, with a certain amount of color, taste, smell and heat, or, as they are called, the secondary qualities, either annexed to them, or conceivably annexable. These qualities, however, whether primary or secondary, are merely ideas of sense or sensations. For, *in the first place*, ideas of sense or sensations are all that they suggest, or conceivably can suggest. Thus the dividing a tree into parts, examining it with a microscope, burning it in a fire, moulding it into new forms for architecture or shipbuilding, is simply varying, diminishing, or multiplying sensations or ideas of sense suggested to us. *In the second place*, the qualities into which every particle or conglomerate of particles of matter resolves itself *must* be either archetypes existing in the subjects themselves, of which our ideas of sense or sensations are the types, copies, or representations, or they must be ideas of sense or sensations themselves, since otherwise their existence is inconceivable. Now it must be obvious that the *secondary* qualities of any subject of matter whatever are not archetypes inhering in it—but present themselves in changeable sensations. The color of a tree varies to every possible shade of hue, as we look at it through glasses of different power, or at different distances; the smells of it would be quite various to nostrils of unequal keenness; and the same observation applies to its taste, or its degree of heat. It follows, then, that the *secondary qualities* of any subject of matter do not inhere in it; and if so, what is to be said of its *primary* qualities? Now, *first*, it is impossible in any subject of matter whatsoever to dissociate altogether its primary from its secondary qualities, or to conceive the one as existing alone, independent of the other. No thought can body forth into form any thing merely extended, organized into shape, and of a certain weight, without, at the same time, annexing to it some color, some possible taste, some smell,

and some degree of heat, or cold, the privative of heat. If, therefore, the primary qualities of any subject of matter are inseparably connected with its secondary qualities, so that one cannot be imagined apart from the other, and if the secondary qualities do not inhere in the subject, it follows that neither do the primary, and therefore that both present themselves in sensations. *Secondly*, upon close examination, it will appear that *conceivably* the primary qualities *might* present themselves in changeable sensations, and therefore that they do not inhere in any subject. Man by experience assigns to things a certain extension, which he accurately proportions as he approaches or recedes from them, so that the different objects of sight preserve a ratio of size, when viewed repeatedly at equal intervals of remoteness; but were his faculties suddenly reduced extremely, would not that extension instantly be altered? So, too, we measure subjects of matter by definite weights; but if our capacity for raising or lowering them were augmented or diminished in an extraordinary degree, would not their weight be different from that which it had been? The reason, therefore, that the primary qualities of any subject of matter *seem* to be necessarily inherent in it, is, that they present themselves always to us in unchanging sensations; but, *in truth*, the one are really no more existent in it than the other. But if no subject of matter contains in itself archetypal qualities, it follows that all its qualities must be ideas of sense or sensations; and as these clearly can only exist in a mind, or, which is the same thing, cannot be conceived existing without it, it follows that every subject of matter exists in a mind, and that its *Esse* is *Perciipi*.

If this be true of the apparent qualities of any subject of matter, taken alone, so it is equally true of those apparent qualities of *sound* and *motion* suggested in sensations upon certain relations of different subjects of matter. And if it be true that every subject of matter realizes itself in ideas of sense or sensations which can only exist in a mind, this is true of the sum of these subjects, or the universe, which of course exists, but exists only in a mind. Hence we revert to our conclusion, that the universe has a being, but that this being is in a mind.

It is evident, however, that matter, the

outer world, or the universe, does not exist in the mind of *each* individual. For its existence is quite conceivable before intelligence was sphered in *any* mortal being; it *might*, therefore, exist independent of any human mind; and it would be absurd to suppose that it exists in *each* individual mind. But as it cannot exist without a mind, it follows that there must be some mind, in which it can have its being. Now, since in our contact with the outer world we experience ideas of sense or sensations without or against our own volition; since we see, and hear, and smell and taste, and touch, the instant we interact with matter, independently of, and contrary to, our own wills, it follows that the mind, in which matter or the outer world exists, is immeasurably more powerful than any human intelligence. And since, as we examine the universe, we gaze with awe and wonder at that marvellous scheme, which reveals itself to us in a series of sensations—appearing in certain fixed successions, combined in an harmonious arrangement, and filling our minds with a sense of power, wisdom, and goodness, we are forced to concede that the mind, in which all these things have their being, is all-powerful, all-wise, and all-bountiful; and thus we have in nature a proof of God—the omnipotent, omniscient, and ever beneficent intelligence.

From these principles follow several very important conclusions. *First*, matter is merely an attribute of the Divine intelligence, not a self-existent substance. *Secondly*, the laws of matter, or the outer world, are for us arranged successions of sensational phenomena, not causes operating without a present mind. *Thirdly*, space, which has been assumed to be infinite, eternal, self-created, and omnipresent, is merely the sum of the universe, existing in the mind of God. And a consideration of the truth, thus explained, shows the folly of Atheism, Paganism, and Scepticism. For to deny the existence of God is impossible, when every particle of this outer world which we see or touch, and which reveals itself to us in our sensations, is a necessary demonstration of that existence. And again, if men firmly grasped the truth, that all external objects have their being in God, they would scarcely deify mere evidences of Him, but would ascend to the worship of the Divine Mind, in which alone they really exist. *Lastly*, if

men were convinced that the ideas of sense or sensations, which they perceive, are not images, more or less perfect, of archetypes without, but are the very things themselves, existing for us in our sensations, and existing really in the mind of God, they would not wander in doubt as to the truth of their own perceptions, they would not be as Prometheus is said to have found them, “comingling in vain all things like the shapes of dreams.”

Such is Berkeley's famous theory. We think that, two thousand years ago, the same kind of paradox was confuted by Plato. It rests upon the assumption, that *our* subjective apprehensions of the outer world or matter in perception—*i. e.*, the things, ideas of sense, or sensations, which *we* have, and which undoubtedly can have no being without *our* minds, give the perfect Idea of its objective existence—that is, as it *is* in itself, in all its possible relations. Assuming this, it is easy to show that in *his* contact with matter, *the things* which *man* perceives are *his* sensations, and therefore that the existence of matter cannot be conceived in the *absence* of a mind. But the fallacy lies in postulating that, because *we* can only comprehend the outer world or matter in *our* sensations, that is, cannot conceive its existence without a mind, therefore the absolute existence of an outer world, independent of any mind whatever, must be *impossible*. Berkeley's proof demonstrates that this is the invariable and necessary relation of the external universe to our minds, that it is presented to us *conditionally*; that is, that for *us* it has its being in our sensations; or, in other words, that we are only conscious of it (*i. e.*, can only conceive it) as it is comprehended by our minds (*i. e.*, as it exists in the sphere of intelligence); but it does not exclude the *possibility* that the outer world exists in other relations, which transcend man altogether. It tries, indeed, to explain away this possibility, by placing the existence of the outer world in the mind of God; but as this is obviously mere hypothesis, it leaves the case as it stood before. Hence he has to fall back upon the assumption, that this possibility is impossible; that is, that in perception we comprehend things in all their relations; that the collect of our precepts is the intuition of external being, or simply that man's knowledge is omniscience.

It is quite true that we cannot demonstrate this possibility, because that interaction of our minds with matter, or the outer world, which we term perception, evidences itself in sensations only. But it is not got rid of by merely showing that *the laws of our being do not inform us of it*—that we are not made to know it fully. On the other hand, by pushing Berkeley's principles to their full consequences, by negating it as impossible, that is, by assuming that the outer world can only exist *relatively to us in our sensations*, and cannot exist absolutely in other relations, we can *negative* the existence of *ourselves as distinct from ideas or sensations in our proper essence*. For if we limit the existence of the outer world to the *proofs* of it in our sensations, we are bound to apply the same test to ourselves, and only affirm our existence in the proofs of it. Now, what are these proofs? In our actual relations with ourselves, and with other men, all that we can apprehend is, that we think and feel; that is, *that we have ideas and sensations*. But if this is the complete notion of our existence in all its possible phases, it follows that our existence is the having, or being conscious of ideas and sensation; and therefore, that *consciousness of ideas is the definition of existence*. But what is consciousness of ideas but an idea; and *what therefore is man's existence but an idea?* To these conclusions proceeds the assumption that our subjective apprehensions are the necessary criterion of objective existence; that things in the sphere of our consciousness must be perceived in their essential being and complete relations; that the manifestations to the subject are the nature of the object. The assumption ends by analyzing both mind and matter into mere phenomena; and with this reduction of it to absurdity, perishes the theory based upon it. The deduction from the premises may be unassailable, but the premises rest on a basis that drives thought to folly, and therefore, that cannot be the foundation of philosophy.

The ethical and religious works of Berkeley are mainly comprised in *Alciphron*, or *The Minute Philosopher*. This beautiful product of his mature manhood seeks to defend moral science and Christianity against the cavils of contemporaneous infidels. It is cast in the Platonic mould, and is, therefore, rather discursive than systematic, and rather presents

truths in units than combines them in a whole. Though not altogether free from a certain stiffness of style, it is truly Platonic in its conceptions, its clear and confuting reasoning, its delicate irony, the grouping of its characters, and, if we may use the term, its picturesque setting. Most properly, it generally confines itself to answering objections; though, in two or three instances, the author, to use his own words, "abandons his intrenchments, and makes a positive attack."

The dialogue is carried on between Crito a somewhat positive believer, and Euphranor, the Berkleian Socrates, on the one side, and Lysicles and Alciphron on the other. Lysicles is a mere epicurean, who dislikes all reasons against self-indulgence, and derides the creed that man has a work to do in virtue, an end to attain beyond pleasures of sense, a soul to outlive death, and a God to obey. Alciphron is a being of a different type, formed by studying Hobbes, and perverting Locke, and by the writings of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke. From the diversity of opinions upon metaphysical, moral, and religious subjects, he concludes they are all equally untrue, and he believes only in what he can see and feel. He thus rejects all faith in man's "intellectual being," and limits the horizon of his existence, views, desires, and convictions, to the narrow region of sense. From this he infers that high, sensual gratification is the end of life, and therefore that any system of morals which, with a truer insight into man's nature, place in the Cosmos, and relations, inseparably connects happiness with acting right, and misery with vice, and consequently bases the obligation of virtue, and the reason against wickedness, upon an enlightened appreciation of our real interests, is, in his own words, "a mere bubble and pretence." Since he believes only in the visible world, he consistently discards all religions which tell of one that is invisible, and try to satisfy "the thoughts that wander through eternity;" and when confronted with the fact that such faiths flourish and prevail, he ascribes them to the cunning of the civil magistrate, who interestedly avails himself of superstition to found them. And thus casting out mind, faith, and virtue from the world, he triumphantly expels God from it also, and proclaims that "Atheism, that bugbear of women and fools, is the very top and perfection of freethinking."

From this "serene temple" of Lucretian wisdom he looks with peculiar aversion upon Christianity, and struggles to root it up by critical, metaphysical, and ethical expedients. And yet with great propriety, so strong is the natural tendency of intelligence to right, he is represented as an admirer of virtue, although he insists that the only true motive to it is a passive perception of its beauty, not a faith, instanced in practice, that it is for our real benefit. His political system is rather hinted at than defined, but seems to consist in a hatred of all existing governments, and a wish to establish a democracy of Atheists.

The first dialogue, after a Platonic introduction, which clearly sets before us the respective speakers, opens with an account of Lysicles' and Alciphron's methods of scepticism, which rather irritates Crito and amazes Euphranor. When, however, Alciphron boasts that "doctrines which have demolished the whole fabric which lawgivers, philosophers, and divines have been creating for so many ages," have gained many proselytes, Euphranor proceeds to test their soundness. First he probes the metaphysical dogma that nothing can be true but that which is perceived by sense, and by forcing Alciphron to admit that reason *may* be natural to man, though not so apparent as the senses, though it may be slower in growth, and more difficult of development, he compels him to the conclusion that objects of reason, though not sensible, *may* exist and be true. Thence, he asks, what becomes of the assertion, "that nothing is natural to man but what may be found in all men, in all nations and ages of the world; that to obtain a genuine view of human nature we must extirpate all the effects of education and instruction, and regard only the senses, appetites, and passions which are to be found originally in all mankind; and therefore the notion of God can have no foundation in nature, as not being originally in the mind, nor the same in all men." He next proceeds to inquire whether the variety of opinions on subjects that may be termed not sensuous, as scientific, moral, and religious truths, necessarily proves that they are alike to be rejected; and having shown the folly of this conclusion in a series of examples drawn out in the true Socratic method, he dissipates a topic of lazy or superficial scepticism, and removes an antecedent objection to ethics and Christianity. Pausing

here in his confuting logic, he challenges Alciphron to test the truth of his philosophy by its effects upon society, "since the general good of mankind is to be esteemed as a rule and measure of moral truths, of all such truths as direct or influence the moral actions of men." After much opposition on the part of Alciphron, who is too quick-witted to expose his ethics to this ordeal, and who struggles against the doctrine that a moral system should be gauged by its natural influence upon the general welfare, Lysicles falls into the snare, and enunciates the theorem that virtue is an evil, and vice a benefit to civil society. In the second dialogue this doctrine of "the beautiful and never-enough admired connection of vices" with the public weal, is vindicated upon the principle that vice conduces to the opulence of the State, which is sustained by arguments that remind us of the pseudo-economists. This nonsense, which, however, it should be remembered, is the result of confronting Alciphron's system with fact, is speedily set at nought by negating its premises, and showing that in the State, as in the unit, vice *naturally* leads to penury and virtue to riches. Most properly, too, Euphranor observes, that even if this principle were true, it would prove nothing, since it would only show that the attainment of the greater end, public happiness, is incompatible with that of the lesser end, public wealth. Lysicles, however, here ingenuously confesses that his theory is but a pretext to excuse indulgence in sensual pleasure, which is his *summum bonum*. This leads to the inquiry, what is the greatest pleasure, in which he is driven at last to concede, that sensual is inferior to intellectual gratification, and that indulgence in it to the exclusion or neglect of its nobler rival, degrades man to a brute, and, in the great account of life, strikes a fearful balance of misery against him. This topic, which, however trite it may be, must be treated in every ethical discussion, is dwelt on and illustrated with peculiar beauty. Euphranor's sketch of the mere idolator of appetite is admirable, and may be read, even after Tennyson's portrait in *The Vision of Sin*.

"He is at variance with himself. He is neither brute enough to enjoy his appetites, nor man enough to govern them. He knows and feels that what he pursues is not his true good, his reflection serving only to show him

that misery which his habitual sloth and indolence will not suffer him to remedy. At last, being grown odious to himself, and abhorring his own company, he runs into every idle assembly, not from hopes of pleasure, but merely to respite the pain of his own mind. Listless and uneasy at the present, he hath no delight in reflecting on what is past, or in the prospect of any thing to come. This man of pleasure, when, after a wretched scene of vanity and woe, his animal nature is worn to the stumps, wishes and dreads death by turns, and is sick of living, without having even tried or known the true nature of man."

With the second dialogue the *reductio ad absurdum* of the sensual theory of metaphysics and ethics is brought to a conclusion.

The third dialogue examines Alciphron's theory, that the passive contemplation of the beauty of virtue, not the sense of its necessary tendency to happiness, evidenced in practising it, is the only proper motive to it. He sets up this *ignis fatuus* as a part of his own creed, or perhaps as an idol of his fancy, inasmuch as his intellect admires virtue but will not admit a true means of vindicating it. For such a faith he exclaims, "would give great advantages to the Christian religion, which excites its believers to virtue by the highest interests and pleasures in reversion. Alas, should we grant this, there would be a door opened to all those rusty declaimers upon the necessity and usefulness of these great points of faith, the immortality of the soul, a future state, rewards and punishments, and the like exploded conceits, which, perhaps, according to our principles, may produce a low, popular, interested kind of virtue, but must absolutely destroy it in the sublime and heroic sense." To this Euphranor replies, that the notion of the beauty of virtue cannot, logically, coexist with Alciphron's own speculations, which suppose the fitting order of human actions to be full of deformity; and, therefore, that it is merely a splendid patch in contrast with the sordid rags of sceptical ethics. For if the sense of the beauty of virtue resolve itself, as his adversary admits, into a perception that acting rightly is *becoming* to man, is in *harmony* with his nature, and adapts it to *proper* ends, what becomes of a moral creed that presupposes man a tool of chance and a slave of appetite, and that, therefore, inculcates a course of conduct vicious, and consequently

monstrous, unbecoming and unnatural? It is evident, therefore, that this notion cannot influence practice, since, however, illogically, it is found mixed up with ethics which permit vice in all its hideousness. Such, we believe, is Berkeley's reasoning in this dialogue, though we confess we have found it difficult to analyse. The argument is thus stated by Butler, and with much greater depth and clearness.

"Going over the theory of virtue in our thoughts, talking well, and drawing fine pictures of it; this is so far from necessarily, or certainly conducing to form a habit of it, in him who thus employs himself, that it may harden the mind in a contrary course, and render it gradually more insensible, i.e., form a habit of insensibility to moral considerations. For from our very faculty of habits, passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker. Thoughts, by often passing through the mind, are felt less sensibly; being accustomed to danger begets intrepidity, i.e., lessens fear; instances of others mortality lessens the sensible apprehensions of our own."

Berkeley, however, could not have seen this passage when engaged in writing this dialogue, for the *Analogy* was published four years after it; but it is very remarkable that, with Butler's *Sermons* before him, he persists in resting the true obligation to virtue upon the *experience of self-love*, not upon the *natural supremacy of conscience*. We have not been able to detect a line in his works which evinces an assent to Butler's great ethical discovery. On the contrary, he seems to have rather disapproved of it.

The basis of the notion of a moral government having been laid, by the admission that we do actually feel that virtue is for our real interest, the fourth dialogue removes objections against the doctrine of the existence of God, the moral governor. And here Berkeley passes by the more ordinary arguments for the Being of a God in the Christian sense, to introduce proofs derived from, or in harmony with, his own metaphysics. For this purpose he makes Alciphron reject all evidences drawn from the consciousness in man of an all-perfect being; from the absurdity of an infinite progression of causes; from the general consent of man upon this particular; or from a consideration of the utility of the belief,—that—*si Dieu n'existait pas il faudroit l'inventer*; and he confines Euphranor to proofs perceptible by the senses. These

are *first*, that, as we infer the Being of other persons from sensible tokens of the working of a mind or spirit within them, so we must admit the existence of God from the arrangement of the ideas of sense presented in creation; *secondly*, that as our being is evidenced in speech,—that is, in a system of arbitrary signs, fixed by mankind as a medium to communicate thoughts and ideas,—so that of God is made apparent by the language of *sight*, that, is by a series of images, composed of light and color, in endless combinations, and arranged by a Power superior and external to ourselves, to communicate the objects of sight with equal intelligibility to all. These proofs are certainly beautiful and original; but even if they convince us of the Being of a God, they fail to show us His moral Government; they are open to all the objections to demonstrations of that which we believe to be undemonstrable; and as they rest upon very difficult and abstruse metaphysics, they will not probably command a large assent. But we cannot refrain from quoting the first of them, as it peculiarly illustrates Berkeley's style and method, and seems to us better than any other passage to bear detaching.

"*Alciph.* I will tell you what sort of proof I would have; and that is, in short, such proof as every man of sense requires of a matter of fact, or the existence of any particular thing. For instance, should a man ask me, why I believe there is a King of Great Britain? I might answer, because I had seen him; or a King of Spain, because I had seen those who had seen him. But, as for the King of Kings, I neither saw him myself, nor any one else who ever saw him. Surely if there be such a thing as God, it is very strange that he should leave himself without a witness: that men should still dispute his Being; and that there should be no one evident, sensible, plain proof of it without recourse to metaphysics and philosophy. A matter of fact is not to be proved by notions but by facts. This is clear, and full to the point. You see what I would be at. Upon these principles I defy superstition.

"*Euphr.* You believe then as far as you can see?

"*Alciph.* That is my rule of faith.

"*Euphr.* How! will you not believe the existence of things which you hear, unless you also see them?

"*Alciph.* I will not say so, neither. When I insisted on seeing, I would be under-

stood to mean perceiving in general: outward objects make very different impressions upon the animal spirits, all which are comprised under the common name of sense. And whatever we can perceive by any sense, we may be sure of.

"*Euphr.* What, do you believe then there are such things as animal spirits?

"*Alciph.* Doubtless.

"*Euphr.* By what sense do you perceive them?

"*Alciph.* I do not perceive them immediately, by any of my senses. I am, nevertheless, persuaded of their existence, because I can collect it from their effects and operations. They are the messengers which, running to and fro in the nerves, preserve a communication between the soul and outward objects.

"*Euphr.* You admit, then, the being of a soul.

"*Alciph.* Provided I do not admit an immaterial substance, I see no inconvenience in admitting there may be such a thing as a soul. And this may be no more than a thin fine texture of subtle parts or spirits residing in the brain.

"*Euphr.* I do not ask about its nature. I merely ask, whether you admit that there is a principle of thought and action, and that it is perceivable by sense?

"*Alciph.* I grant that there is such a principle, and that it is not the object of sense itself, but inferred from appearances which are perceived by sense.

"*Euphr.* If I understand you rightly, from animal functions and motions, you infer the existence of animal spirits, and from reasonable acts you infer the existence of a reasonable soul. Is it not so?

"*Alciph.* It is.

"*Euphr.* It should seem, therefore, that the being of things imperceptible to sense may be collected from effects and signs, or sensible tokens?

"*Alciph.* It may.

"*Euphr.* Tell me, Alciphron, is not the soul that which makes the principal distinction between a real person and a shadow, between a living man and a carcass?

"*Alciph.* It is.

"*Euphr.* I cannot, therefore, know that you, for instance, are a distinct, thinking individual, or a living real man, by surer or other signs, than those from which it can be inferred that you have a soul.

"*Alciph.* You cannot.

"*Euphr.* Pray tell me are not all acts, immediately and properly perceived by sense reducible to motion?

"*Alciph.* They are.

"*Euphr.* From motions, therefore, you

infer a mover or cause, and from reasonable motions (or such as appear calculated for a reasonable end) a rational cause, soul, or spirit.

"*Alciph.* Even so.

"*Euphr.* The soul of man actuates but a small body, an insignificant particle, in respect of the great masses of nature, the elements and heavenly bodies, and system of the world. And the wisdom that appears in these motions, which are the effects of human reason, is incomparably less than that which discovers itself in the structure and use of organized natural bodies, animal or vegetable. A man with his hand can make no machine so admirable as the hand itself, nor can any of these motions, from which we trace out human reason, approach the skill and contrivance of these wonderful motions of the heart and brain, and other vital parts which do not depend upon the will of man.

"*Alciph.* All this is true.

"*Euphr.* Doth it not follow, then, that from natural motions, independent of man's will, may be inferred both power and wisdom incomparably greater than that of the human soul?

"*Alciph.* It should seem so.

"*Euphr.* Further, is there not in natural productions and effects a visible unity of counsel and design? Are not the rules fixed and immovable? Do not the same laws of motion obtain throughout? The same in China and here; the same two thousand years ago, and at this day.

"*Alciph.* All this I do not deny.

"*Euphr.* Is there not also a connection, or relation between animals and vegetables, between both and the elements, between the elements and the heavenly bodies: so that from their natural respects, influences, subordinations, and uses, they may be collected to be parts of one whole, conspiring to one and the same end, and fulfilling the same design?

"*Alciph.* Supposing this to be true.

"*Euphr.* Will it not then follow that this vastly great and infinite power and wisdom must be supposed in one and the same agent, spirit, or mind; and that we have, at heart, as clear, full, and immediate certainty of the being of this infinitely wise and powerful spirit, as of any one human soul whatsoever, beside our own?

"*Alciph.* Let me consider; I suspect we proceed too hastily. What! do you pretend you can have the same assurance of the being of a God, that you can have of mine, whom you actually see stand before you, and talk to you?

"*Euphr.* The very same, if not greater.

"*Alciph.* How do you make this appear?

"*Euphr.* By the person, Alciphron, is

meant an individual thinking thing, and not the hair, skin, or visible surface, or any part of the outward form, color, or shape of Alciphron.

"*Alciph.* This I grant.

"*Euphr.* And in granting this, you grant, in a strict sense, I do not see Alciphron, that is, that individual thinking thing, but only such visible signs and tokens as suggest and infer the being of that invisible thinking principle or soul. Even so, in the self-same manner it appears to me that, though I cannot with the eyes of flesh behold the invisible God, yet I do, in the strictest sense, behold and perceive by all my senses such signs and tokens, such effects and operations, as suggest, indicate, and demonstrate an invisible God, as certainly, and with the same evidence, at least, as any other signs perceived by sense, do suggest to me the existence of your soul, spirit, or thinking principle; which I am convinced of only by a few signs or effects, and the motions of one small organized body: whereas I do, at all times, and in all places, perceive sensible signs which evince the Being of God."

In the fifth dialogue Alciphron applies to Christianity the test by which Euphranor had tried his sensual Ethics, and seeks to prove its natural tendency to injure civil society. He is full of the Lucretian *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*. But his arguments, as indeed might have been expected, are merely statements of evils coincident with Christianity, not consequent upon it. He declaims about the arrogance, tyranny, and acerbity of priesthoods. He charges upon the creed all the crimes and atrocities committed by its professors, whether under the pretext of it or not. He identifies the spiritual essence with all the corruptions of the body in which it has its dwelling. It is needless to notice the refutation of fallacies which would prove heat injurious because a moth flits into a candle; law a curse because some lawyers have been cheats; punishment by the civil magistrate a crime because the innocent sometimes suffer; and good itself, evil, because accidentally associated with it. In truth, however, it is hopeless to contend that a faith which inculcates love to God and to our neighbor, self-denial, and upright conduct; and which removes all doubts concerning the necessary connexion between virtue and happiness, by opening to us the prospect of a future life in which all apparent exceptions to this law shall be removed, can, in its own nature, do evil to a State. The logic

that would accomplish this must reverse all notions about the natural course of things.

Though Alciphron cannot deny that Christianity may be useful to society, since it gives a sanction to law, and enjoins honesty, moderation, and piety, he will not therefore admit the truth of its scheme and doctrines. Accordingly, in the sixth dialogue he proceeds to criticise Revelation. His objections, which are scarcely of the kind now in currency, are against the Bible itself, as an organ of Revelation, and against its contents generally. Who would believe that a book came from God, the authenticity of which depends upon remote tradition; the limits of which, as the divine canon, are yet in controversy, and which is full of forgeries and obscurity? This is readily answered by showing that there may be, and often are, the same objections to believing the authorship of any other book of remote antiquity, and yet that, somehow, they are felt to be surmountable. But, as to its contents, who would believe such incredibilities as miracles, inspirations, or prophecies, or that God would command the perpetration of crimes like the destruction of the Canaanites? And again, how does it happen that the chronology of the Bible is inconsistent with that of other nations, and that many of its events are not recorded by contemporaneous historians? The reply to these attacks is, that, historically, there are traces of belief in similar "incredibilities," in every nation in the world, and therefore that there is nothing unnatural in it: that these incredibilities, however unaccountable they may appear, cannot be rejected merely for their own sake, until they shall be shown to be impossibilities, to do which requires a perfect knowledge of the power of God; that they have been attested by many witnesses without any proof of concert, and whose evident interest was not to do so; that a faith in them has spread far and wide, and that, if we seek to exorcise them from our minds, we are certain to fall into credulities which present many more points of objection. As to the argument from the command to slay the Canaanites, the answer is, that this was a special injunction for a special purpose; that the general precept, "thou shalt not kill," is a part of the divine as well as of the moral law; and that to reject Revelation, as inconsistent with God's attributes for this reason, would be as absurd as to deny that a

Government can be just which appoints ministers to execute its penalties. The other arguments, drawn from external evidence, in some chronological errors in the Bible, and in the silence of history as to some of its details, are met by a denial of the truth of the charges,—an answer which modern criticism will hardly admit as sufficient; but, as these cavils are quite consistent with the supposition that the Bible comes from God, is a Revelation of His dealings with man, and gives us a rule of life marked out by the divine will, we may pass them by. Very beautifully Berkeley thus gives a general answer to all such objections: "Things, to our wisdom unaccountable, may, nevertheless, proceed from an abyss of wisdom which our line cannot fathom: prospects viewed but in part, and by the broken, tinged light of our intellects, though they may seem disproportionate and monstrous, may, nevertheless, appear quite otherwise to another eye, and in a different situation: in a word, as human wisdom is but childish folly in respect to the divine, so the wisdom of God may sometimes seem foolishness to man."

Foiled in his criticism, Alciphron, in the seventh and last dialogue, betakes himself to the metaphysical laboratory of Locke, and issues from it completely equipped against Christianity. This philosophy, doubtless unintentionally, has always supplied weapons against religion. Thus, from its applying the common term *ideas* to our sensations and to the *active operations of the mind itself*, it was warped by Condillac into a Lucretian psychology. But Berkeley, in the disguise of Alciphron, seeks to show the skeptical tendency of its theory of abstraction, and of its tenet, that ideas must underlie every term in language. This is the pith of Alciphron's argument. Since, in perceptible objects, many ideas are found combined, the mind has the faculty of distinguishing them from each other, and separating them into their several forms. Thus as the object *man* comprises the ideas of extension, figure, color, rational, living, and the like, we have the faculty of resolving these ideas into their separate types or figures. But further, as in perception some ideas, or apprehended forms, are found to be common to many individual objects, the mind can abstract these common ideas; that is, can draw them off, so to speak, from the objects they refer to in common, and condense

them into new forms, which body forth to the understanding, in distinct shapes, the common qualities of these objects. Thus, inasmuch as all individual men present in common the ideas of reason, life, and extension, we can cut off from individuals these common ideas, and so get at a new abstract idea of reason, life, and extension, which shall stand indifferently for these qualities in all men. But also, when all these common qualities of any class of objects, capable of real being, have been abstracted into new ideas, separated from those qualities which are not in common, these ideas can be fused into another abstract idea, which represents the entire class of objects, not in particular individuals, but each and all alike. For example, if the sum of the common qualities of man be reason, life, and extension, the mind, when it has formed abstract ideas of these qualities, puts them together into the abstract idea of man, which does not image forth any particular man, since it does not represent his peculiar difference, but gives to the mind a copy of man in general. But further; as general terms are confessedly not the marks of the ideas of individual objects, they must be the signs of these abstract ideas. Thus the general term "man" is not the mark to suggest a particular individual, as Peter and Paul, but is the proper sign of the abstract idea of man, the verbal token of that which is the mental image of each and all men. And hence, since words are only signs of ideas, since ideas must always underlie them, it follows that any general term, which does not convey to the mind an abstract idea of something, is idealess, and therefore nonsensical.

With these arguments, which we believe can all be derived from Locke, Alciphron makes short work of Christianity. Take, he observes the term "grace." It is a general term; it does not stand for any particular thing or individual object. It follows, therefore, that it must betoken some abstract idea, either of a quality common to objects, or of a class of objects capable of real being, or at least of something appertaining to many individuals, which can be drawn off, and formed into an abstract idea. But it is impossible to frame any such mental figure or idea, and, therefore, the term is idealess, and consequently absurd. In reply, Euphranor asks him to frame an abstract idea of the term

"force," which signifies a quality common to many objects, which abstract idea, according to the hypothesis, is to be severed from all particular objects, and to suggest a distinct mental image. Alciphron finds this impossible; and is then requested to frame an abstract idea of "triangle," which shall not give the image of any particular triangle, but shall represent to the mind the entire class of three angled figures. Being here equally at fault—as, indeed, his master was before him—he is driven to admit that his demonstration is "vain wisdom all and false philosophy," that abstract ideas, as mental phenomena, cut off from all objects, are non-existent, or, at least, cannot be framed by Alciphron's process, and that, inasmuch as general terms are elements of *language*, which may either not convey ideas at all, but may be used to communicate emotions and feelings, or which, when taken in sentences, may convey notions or ideas quite distinct from any ideas that, taken apart, may underlie each term, they do not necessarily suggest to the mind any distinct image in each term set alone. How true this is of general terms will be evident to any one who takes up a sentence containing them. Thus in the text, "man shall not live by bread, but by every word which cometh from the mouth of God," it is evident that this conveys to the mind a notion of a *law* for man, but does not suggest to it any separate ideas of "word or man." And hence the doctrine, that every general term in language must, when used, suggest an abstract idea, is altogether futile; and so Alciphron's philosophy falls to the ground. We may here incidentally observe, that because in this and other places Berkeley assails Locke's theory of abstraction, and denies that abstract ideas can be formed by a kind of *prescinding from particulars*, it does not follow that he is a mere nominalist. On the contrary, he expressly admits that words are not the only cause of our forming general ideas; that general ideas, representing the conformity between individuals of the same sort, do exist, though not elaborated by abstraction; and, therefore, we apprehend he is to be classed as a conceptualist.

But further, Euphranor asks, Are not religious doctrines matters of faith? And does faith presuppose an intellectual perception of the ideas contained in the terms of each proposition we are called on to believe? If

we believe that "God is a spirit," do we "wiredraw ideas" of "God" and "Spirit"? On the contrary, is not faith an assent to a proposition, or series of propositions, more or less determined by our moral faculties? Try religion and scepticism by the same test, with regard to this particular. Do not sceptics require faith in the proposition "that fate rules the world"? And yet does every one who believes in this adjust distinct ideas of "fate and world"? It must be admitted this is not the case; and yet faith in the dogma may and does exist; for it is not a perception of the ideas of its terms, but a moral as well as an intellectual assent to any doctrine that really obtains for it extensive credit.

Alciphron now,

"Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent," takes refuge in fatalism. We quote the pith of Berkeley's refutation, as it is remarkably terse and lucid, and applies to this doctrine its only satisfactory solution, its utter negation in practice, that is, its confutation by man himself in all his dealings:—

"*Alciph.* But still the question recurs, whether man be free?"

"*Euphr.* To determine this question, ought we not first to determine what is meant by the word free?"

"*Alciph.* We ought.

"*Euphr.* In my opinion, a man is said to be free, so far forth as he may do what he will. Is this so, or is it not?"

"*Alciph.* It seems so.

"*Euphr.* Man, therefore, acting according to his will, may be accounted free.

"*Alciph.* This I admit to be true in the vulgar sense, but a philosopher goes higher, and inquires whether man be free to will.

"*Euphr.* That is whether he can will as he wills. I know not how philosophical it may be to ask the question, but it seems very unintelligible. The notions of guilt and merit, justice and reward, are, in the minds of men, antecedent to all metaphysical disquisitions; and according to these received natural notions it is not doubted that man is accountable, that he acts and is self-determined."

Alciphron, having now made all his objections, collapses into universal scepticism. *παντα ὑποληψίς* is his arcanum, which perhaps some persons would not wish to have translated into "everything is subjective." The dialogue closes with some admirable remarks to which we can only refer. The following is

quite in Butler's spirit: "Whether the principles of Christians or infidels are truest may be made a question, but which are safest there can be none. Certainly if you doubt of all opinions, you must doubt of your own; and then, for aught you know, the Christian may be true. The more doubt, the more room for faith, a sceptic of all men having the least right to demand evidence: But, whatever uncertainty there may be about other points, thus much is certain: either there is, or is not a God: there is, or is not a Revelation: man either is, or is not an agent: the soul is, or is not, immortal. If the negatives are not sure, the affirmatives are possible. If the negatives are improbable, the affirmatives are probable. In proportion as any of your ingenious men finds himself unable to prove any one of these negatives he hath grounds to suppose he is mistaken." The practical conclusion of course is, that, even on the sceptic's own principles, where there is room for doubt, that faith should be adopted which is most for man's welfare. The point is thus put in the *Analogy*: "numberless instances might be mentioned respecting the common pursuits of life where a man would be thought distracted, and that in a literal sense, who would not act, and with great application too, not only upon an even chance, but even upon much less" of the credibility of that which had determined his conduct.

The principal political work of Berkeley is the *Querist*, a series of problems, suggested by the condition of Ireland in the author's time. It well illustrates the truth of an observation in it "that an early habit of reflection, though obtained by speculative sciences, may have its use in practical affairs." In our judgment the *Querist* is the clearest exponent of the social state of Ireland in the middle of the last century, and contains the wisest appreciation of its distempers, and their remedies, that can be met with. It is almost free from the tone of sectarianism, and prejudice of caste, which characterizes the works of every Anglo-Irish Protestant of this period; it is distinguished from all contemporaneous writings in its liberality to the Irish Roman Catholic nation, and in its identifying the welfare of Ireland with that of all classes in it; and if it wants boldness in its details of abuses and plans for improvement,

this must be attributed to the sensitive modesty of Berkeley's disposition. It shows also an insight into the leading truths of political economy, which is surprising in the case of one who preceded Adam Smith by a full generation. When it was written, Ireland was probably the worst governed and most miserable dependency of the crown. The penal laws were doing their work in deepening and making impassable the lines of demarcation between the dominant and the subject races in that country, in checking the free transfer of landed property, banishing from it industry and capital, and embittering the relations between the owners and occupiers of the soil. The restrictions too upon commercial and manufacturing enterprise in Ireland were checking severely the natural growth of its opulence. Already the results were becoming apparent. Already, in an embarrassed and domineering proprietary; in middleman tenures chaining the soil in feudal letters; in a degraded peasantry eking out life in the potato; in undeveloped industrial resources; in class hatreds and sectarian animosities, were to be traced the symptoms of that social disorganization, of which the historian of the last ten years will write the catastrophe, and, let us hope, the epitaph. Berkeley's thoughts on the subject may be classed under three heads—1. Political; 2. Economical; and 3. National. One extract, which is all for which we can afford space, relates to our author's economic views.

"Whether the four elements, and man's labor therein, be not the true source of wealth?"

"Whether money is to be considered as having an intrinsic value, or as being a commodity, or standard, or measure, or a pledge, as is variously suggested by writers? And whether the true idea of money, as such, be not altogether that of a ticket or counter?"

"Whether a fertile land, and the industry of its inhabitants, would not prove inexhaustible funds of real wealth, be the counters for vending thereof what you will, paper, gold, or silver?"

"Whether even gold and silver, if they should lessen the industry of its inhabitants, would not be ruinous to a country? And whether Spain be not an instance of this?"

"Whether the real foundations of wealth be not laid in the numbers, the frugality, and the industry of the people? And whether all attempts to enrich a nation by other means, as raising the coin, stock-jobbing, and the like acts, are not vain?"

"Whether it be not agreed, that paper hath in many respects the advantage over coin, as being of more dispatch in payments, more easily transferred, preserved, and recovered when lost?"

"Whether the credit of the public funds be not a mine of gold to England? And whether any step that should lessen this credit, ought not to be dreaded?"

"Whether money lying dead in the bank of Amsterdam would not be as useless as in the mine?"

"Whether it would not be folly to think that inward commerce cannot enrich a state, because it doth not increase its quantity of gold and silver? And whether it is possible a country should not thrive, while wants are supplied, and business goes on?"

"Whether the general rule of determining commerce by its balance, doth not, like other general rules, admit of exceptions?"

"Whether it would not be a monstrous folly to import nothing but gold and silver, supposing we might do it, from every foreign port to which we trade? And yet whether some men may not think this foolish circumstance a very happy one?"

"Whether he must not be a wrongheaded patriot, or politician, whose ultimate view was drawing money into a country, and keeping it there?"

"Whether it would not be a silly project in any nation, to hope to grow rich by prohibiting the exportation of gold and silver?"

"Whether keeping cash at home, or sending it abroad, just as it must seem to promote industry, be not the real interest of every nation?"

Some of the observations in this treatise, when viewed in the light of existing knowledge, and from our present standing point of experience, may appear commonplace. But we venture to think that it is far beyond the reach of any contemporaneous writer on the social science. Its thorough appreciation of the true sources of wealth, of the fallacies of the old mercantile theory of economics, and of the necessity of just government for the Irish nation, are, in our judgment, not to be found so clearly developed by any other thinker before Adam Smith. It is curious how little comparative popularity the *Querist* enjoyed, when contrasted with the coarse and able, but grossly ignorant *Drapier's Letters*. But time has separated the chaff from the wheat. It may also be observed that Chesterfield was an admirer of Berkeley's work; and Chesterfield was the first viceroy of Ireland, from 1688 to 1745, who advocated an en-

lightened and just policy towards that country.

Looking at Berkeley, generally, we do not rank him in the first-class of metaphysical thinkers. His is rather the credit of carrying out the theory of subjective idealism to its consequences, regardless of any difficulties involved in the process. We have already given our reasons for rejecting the entire theory as fallacious, and as based upon an hypothesis that is utterly untrue. Nor can it be doubted that Berkeley's philosophy, like every other system that rests upon the old sophistical tenet "that every man is the measure of all things," leads directly to scepticism. But as a metaphysical writer his merits are of the highest order. So perfect and delightful a style, logical in all its deductions, copious and clear in all its illustrations, has rarely adorned a work on abstract thought. A view of him as an ethical thinker naturally suggests a comparison with his great contemporary, Butler. We have already pointed out how they differ with regard to the true foundation of moral obligation. But in almost every particular of method, and in their general conception of the subject, these eminent men are dissimilar. Berkeley, in his ethics, is, we think, a Platonist. Thus he evolves the idea of a Deity all-wise and all-good from a consideration of the elements of the universe, but he touches slightly upon man's relations with Him. Thus he proves

the dependence of happiness upon virtue rather by contemplating the place of man in the order of creation, than by analyzing his nature to find out his proper work. Butler is eminently original, but in ethical method is, we think, an Aristotelian. Starting almost where Berkeley stops, with the assumption of a Creator, he investigates man's position towards Him, and proves that the actual state of things in which we live, and the future state of things which has been revealed to us, are phases of the same government; that each, as a whole, is incomprehensible, and open to similar objections; but that in each man is under a moral ruler. From this he draws the conclusion, that, as regards man, in Milton's language—

"Earth is the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought."

This analytic method is emphatically Aristotelian, though in the *Analogy* it is not applied for the same purpose as in the *Nicomachean Ethics*. But in the *Sermons*, Butler is peculiarly Aristotelian. Thus he marks out the objects of man's action, and therefore the way to happiness, by a careful dissection of our moral constitution, exactly after the manner of the greatest of all analysts. Doubtless, when compared with Berkeley, Butler is the more cautious, the deeper, and the more useful thinker.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE. BY IKE PARTINGTON. —This is the greatest bird that has ever spread his wings over this great and glorious country. The place where he builds his nest is called an eyrie, away upon the precipices where the foot of man can't come, though perhaps a boy's might. The eagle is a ferocious fellow, and sits on the top of the cliffs and looks sharp for plunder. He gets tired of waiting, and then he starts out in the blue expansive heavens, and soars all around on his opinions over the land and water to see what he can pounce down upon. But, though he is called a very cruel bird, he always preys before eating, just like any good moral man at the head of his family. He eats his victuals raw, which is an unfavorable habit, but it is supposed that he eats it so because he likes to. He is a very courageous bird, and will fight like blazes for his young, and steal chickens wherever he can see them. He is a bird of great talons, and is much respected by birds of the feathered tribe that are afraid of him. He is a great study for artists,

but appears to best advantage on the ten-dollar gold pieces and fifty cent pieces, and pretty well on the dimes, as he sits gathering up his thunder-bolts under him, as if he was in a great hurry to be off. He has lately broke out on the new cent, and seems as if in his hurry he had dropped all his thunder. The American eagle is the patriot's hope and the inspiration of the fourth of July. He soars through the realms of the poet's fancy and whets his beak on the highest peak of the orator's imagination. He is in the mouth of every politician, so to speak. He is said by them to stand on the Rocky Mountains and to dip his bill into the Atlantic, while his tail casts a shadow on the Pacific coast. This is all gammon. There never was one more than eight feet long from the tip of one wing to the tip of 'tother. His angry scream is heard ever so far, and he don't care a feather for any body. Take him every way he is an immense fowl, and his march is over the mounting wave, with the star-spangled banner in his hand, whistling Yankee Doodle.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

From *The Athenæum*.

The Coronet and the Cross; or, Memorials of the Right Hon. Selina Countess of Huntingdon. Compiled from Authentic Documents, by the Rev. Alfred H. New. (Partridge & Co.)

IN these days, when Bishops and Church dignitaries preach in the open air and make an Evangelical Alliance with the ministers of all denominations, save the two that stand at the extremities of the theological scale, we can form but a faint idea of the state of things religious during the last century, when six students were expelled from Oxford for assembling together at the house of a pious lady for prayer and religious conversation, and when a father, finding his daughter in the habit of going to hear Whitfield preach, "sternly threatened to disinherit her if she continued to do so." The young lady, making it a matter of conscience, refused to give any promise, whereupon "her father opened the door, gave her a shilling, and drove her from his house!" This was by no means a solitary instance. Mrs. Fletcher, the wife of Fletcher the Apostle of Madeley, tells us, in her curious Memoirs, how she, having greatly displeased her father by refusing to go to the theatre, was under the necessity of quitting his roof and finding an asylum for herself in a wretched cottage. To be religious was not in those days a *cachet* of respectability, but the mark of a low taste and a conduct highly unbecoming well-bred and well-born people. This may in some measure account for the stress that is laid upon the "good company" which the Countess of Huntingdon always commanded, and the Litany of Saints, with titles and equipages, which the compiler of the present Memoirs finds it his great glory to celebrate. Lady Huntingdon's coronet is made scarcely second to her crown of glory; and, if she kept company with Methodist preachers and went about the country holding preachings and prayer-meetings in irregular places, the biographer is careful to balance the account by strictly chronicling the civilities of Frederic Prince of Wales—the quarrelsome son of George the Second—and the politeness with which George the Third and Queen Charlotte treated her when she had an interview with them at Windsor. The noble and distinguished persons who attended the religious services at Lady Huntingdon's house are detailed with the superstitious minuteness of

the fashionable column in the *Morning Post*. All this gives an indescribable air of servility to the book. It is in the worst possible taste; and if religion *could* ever be vulgarized, the editor of these Memoirs would succeed in doing it. A real life of Selina Countess of Huntingdon would be a valuable contribution to the history of life and manners in England during the last century; but the work before us is extremely tantalizing and vague: it reads like a prolonged epitaph. Even the portrait prefixed is a bad print, copied from the bust of the Countess placed over her lord's monument, in the attitude of a Niobe. There is nothing defined, individual, or decided either in the bust or in the book. The Countess was a remarkable woman, and one whose life and character in the hands of a competent biographer would make a curious study of human nature. Lady Huntingdon was intimately associated with the great Protestant Revival of the last century. The heroines of religious movements are always worth studying. Lady Huntingdon was a Pope in petticoats. She exacted the most implicit obedience from her chaplains and clergy; she dictated their belief, and, when they ventured to have opinions of their own, she rated them soundly and turned them off. She never for one moment forgot that she was, *Dei gratia*, Selina Countess of Huntingdon—a great lady. She was zealous and earnest in her endeavors to spread religious knowledge amongst the ignorant parts of England. She built chapels, endowed colleges, and *all but* ordained clergymen. At any rate, she paid their stipends. In the course of her life, she expended no less than £100,000 for the promotion of Christian knowledge. In the Roman Catholic Church, she would have been made a saint. The Church of England only made her a Dissenter, by bringing the forms of ecclesiastical decorum to bear upon her, much to the old lady's disgust, who had all her life been a staunch Churchwoman. She was a woman of immense energy, undaunted courage, and capable of undergoing as much fatigue as would have sufficed to exhaust a regiment of soldiers. Travelling in those days required a coach and six to get through the roads,—highwaymen abounded, and byways were more plentiful than turnpike roads,—yet attended by relays of her chaplains, she visited in person the remotest districts of England

and Wales. She organized a connection of pious ministers, who relieved each other in the different districts where she had opened places of worship. Whitfield was one of these chaplains, and so was John Wesley till he set up his own points of theology against hers and a controversy ensued, which ended in a division; for the old lady could not bear any "brothers near the throne" of her supremacy. It was a great grievance to her when any of "her ministers" accepted a living in the Church and confined themselves to their own parish, for she had no sort of sympathy with what she called "dry, formal congregations." Her ministers were expected to be ready to go where she ordered them at a moment's notice. Her love of power was as remarkable as her piety. She founded a college, which still flourishes, for the education of ministers; and the whole management and correspondence respecting it passed through her hands. Her capacity for organizing and carrying on business undertakings was wonderful. Such a woman could scarcely be said to have any private life; but one would like to know how she lived with her husband. The biographer only tells us what she wrote on his tombstone. It has always seemed to us that the husbands or wives of great saints deserved canonization as much as their partners. The Earl of Huntingdon was not a religious man, but he seems to have allowed his wife perfect freedom in the articles of clergymen and sermons: and it is told, to his credit, that he always treated the clergymen whom she invited to stay in the house with "every mark of polite attention," which, considering how his patience must have been tried and his habits disturbed, it is to be hoped his "recording angel" appreciated and rewarded. Poor man, he died early. His son, who succeeded to the title, was a professed infidel; but he was good and dutiful to his mother, and treated her and her preachers with great respect, which, considering the little sympathy he felt with them, was a fact much to his credit. Almost the only trait of genuine human nature which is allowed to appear in this book is the following anecdote:—Lady Huntingdon had sold all her jewels to build a chapel at Brighton. Some years later, she was in perplexity how to raise money for a chapel she wished to build at Birmingham. She was accustomed to keep in her house the sum of £300 to de-

fray the expenses of her funeral; and it was her wish to be buried in *white satin*. This money was considered so sacred that on no account was it to be touched. On this occasion, she said to Lady Anne Erskine, her friend and companion, "I want £300; I have no money in the house but that put by for my funeral; for the first time in my life, I feel inclined to let that go." Lady Anne said, "You can trust God with your *soul*—why not with your funeral?" The Countess took the money; and, the very day she did so, a gentleman, who could know nothing of the circumstances, sent her a cheque for precisely £300!—in which coincidence the biographer sees a special grace of Providence. Towards the latter part of her life, a crazy, fanatical Roman Catholic nobleman formed the design of inveigling her and as many of her clergymen as could be got to Brussels. He offered them a cellar to preach in and drew an enticing picture of the fine field that was open for preaching the gospel "in that city of Popish darkness." He himself pretended to have been converted by her Ladyship, and to have an ardent wish to spread Protestant doctrines. His design was to murder them or keep them prisoners, doubtless, in this same cellar. The Countess fell into the snare—had a new carriage built for the occasion—arranged her affairs—desired the prayers of all her churches. The day was fixed for her departure, but she was detained beyond the time; letters came (from whom we are not told) revealing the whole plot, and to point the moral or adorn the tale, as the case may be, Lord Douglass fell down dead on the very day her Ladyship commenced her journey! The Countess lived to a good old age, and died in her eighty-fourth year, June 17, 1791. The real human life of such a woman would be a chapter in history; but contemporary events are scarcely noticed. The American War itself is only mentioned as deranging the affairs of Whitfield's College and orphan-house in Georgia. One curious fact connected with Whitfield's mission is, that Lady Huntingdon sent out a sum of money for the purchase of a female slave, who was to be named "Selina," and, of course, to be instructed in religion. This Memoir of the Countess of Huntingdon will be of service to any future biographer, though it certainly does not fulfil the task itself.

From Household Words.

A QUEEN'S REVENGE.

THE name of Gustavus Adolphus, the faithful Protestant, the great general, and the good king of Sweden, has been long since rendered familiar to readers of history. We all know how this renowned warrior and monarch was beloved by his soldiers and subjects, how successfully he fought through a long and fearful war, and how nobly he died on the field of battle. With his death, however, the interest of the English reader in Swedish affairs seems to terminate. Those who have followed the narrative of his life carefully to the end, may remember that he left behind him an only child—a daughter named Christina; but of the character of this child, and of her extraordinary adventures after she grew to womanhood, the public in England is, for the most part, entirely ignorant. In the popular historical and romantic literature of France, Queen Christina is a prominent and a notorious character. In the literature of this country she has, hitherto, been allowed but little chance of making her way to the notice of the world at large.

And yet, the life of this woman is in itself a romance. At six years old she was Queen of Sweden, with the famous Oxenstiern for guardian. This great and good man governed through her minority. Four years after her coronation she, of her own accord, abdicated her rights in favor of her cousin, Charles Gustavus. Young and beautiful, the most learned and most accomplished woman of her time, she resolutely turned her back on the throne of her inheritance, and, publicly betraying her dislike of the empty pomp and irksome restraint of royalty, set forth to wander through civilized Europe in the character of an independent traveller who was resolved to see all varieties of men and manners, to collect all the knowledge which the widest experience could give her, and to measure her mind boldly against the greatest minds of the age wherever she went. So far, the interest excited by her character and her adventures is of the most picturesquely-attractive kind. There is something strikingly new in the spectacle of a young queen who prefers the pursuit of knowledge to the possession of a throne, and who barter a royal birthright for the privilege of being free. Unhappily, the portrait of Christina cannot

be painted throughout in bright colors only. It is not pleasant to record of her that, when her travels brought her to Rome, she abandoned the religion for which her father fought and died. It is still less agreeable to add, that she freed herself from other restraints besides the restraint of royalty, and that, if she was mentally distinguished by her capacities, she was also morally disgraced by her vices and crimes.

The events in the strange life of Christina—especially those which are connected with her actions and adventures in the character of a queen-errant—present the freshest and the most ample materials for a biography, which might be regarded in England as a new contribution to our historical literature. Within the necessarily limited space at our command in these columns, it is impossible to follow her, with sufficient attention to details, through the adventures which attended her travelling career. One, however, among the many strange and startling passages in her life, may probably be introduced in this place. The events of which the narrative is composed, throw light, in many ways, on the manners, habits, and opinions of a past age, and they can, moreover, be presented in this place in the very words of an eye-witness who beheld them two centuries ago.

The scene is Paris, the time is the close of the year 1657, the persons are the wandering Queen Christina, her grand equerry, the Marquis Monaldeschi, and Father le Bel of the Convent of Fontainebleau, the witness whose testimony we are shortly about to cite.

Monaldeschi, as his name implies, was an Italian by birth. He was a handsome, accomplished man, refined in his manners, subtle in his disposition, and possessed of the art of making himself eminently agreeable in the society of women. With these personal recommendations, he soon won his way to the favor of Queen Christina. Out of the long list of her lovers, not one of the many whom she encouraged caught so long and firm a hold of her capricious fancy as Monaldeschi. The intimacy between them probably took its rise, on her side at least, in as deep a sincerity of affection as it was in Christina's nature to feel. On the side of the Italian, the connection was prompted solely by ambition. As soon as she had risen to

the distinction and reaped all the advantages of the position of chief favorite in the queen's court, he wearied of his royal mistress, and addressed his attentions secretly to a young Roman lady, whose youth and beauty powerfully attracted him, and whose fatal influence over his actions ultimately led to his ruin and his death.

After endeavoring to ingratiate himself with the Roman lady, in various ways, Monaldeschi found that the surest means of winning her favor lay in satisfying her malicious curiosity on the subject of the private life and the secret frailties of Queen Christina. He was not a man who was troubled by any scrupulous feelings of honor when the interests of his own intrigues happened to be concerned; and he shamelessly took advantage of the position that he held towards Christina, to commit breaches of confidence of the most inexcusably ungrateful and the most meanly infamous kind. He gave to the Roman lady the series of the queen's letters to himself, which contained secrets that she had revealed to him in the fullest confidence of his worthiness to be trusted; more than this, he wrote letters of his own to the new object of his addresses, in which he ridiculed the queen's fondness for him, and sarcastically described her smallest personal defects with a heartless effrontery which the most patient and long-suffering of women would have found it impossible to forgive. While he was thus privately betraying the confidence that had been reposed in him, he was publicly affecting the most unalterable attachment and the most sincere respect for the queen.

For some time this disgraceful deception proceeded successfully. But the hour of the discovery was appointed, and the instrument of effecting it was a certain cardinal who was desirous of supplanting Monaldeschi in the Queen's favor. The priest contrived to get possession of the whole correspondence which had been privately placed in the hands of the Roman lady, including, besides Christina's letters, the letters which Monaldeschi had written in ridicule of his royal mistress. The whole collection of documents was enclosed by the cardinal in one packet, and was presented by him, at a private audience to the queen.

It is at this critical point of the story that the testimony of the eye-witness whom we

propose to quote, begins. Father Le Bel was present at the fearful execution of the queen's vengeance on Monaldeschi, and was furnished with copies of the whole correspondence which had been abstracted from the possession of the Roman lady. Having been trusted with the secret, he is wisely and honorably silent throughout his narrative on the subject of Monaldeschi's offence. Such particulars of the Italian's baseness and ingratitude as have been presented here, have been gathered from the somewhat contradictory reports which were current at the time, and which have been preserved by the old French collectors of historical anecdotes. Such further details of the extraordinary punishment of Monaldeschi's offence as are now to follow, may be given in the words of Father Le Bel himself. The reader will understand that his narrative begins immediately after Christina's discovery of the perfidy of her favorite.

The sixth of November, 1657 (writes Father Le Bel), at a quarter past nine in the morning, Queen Christina of Sweden, being at that time lodged in the Royal Palace of Fontainebleau, sent one of her men servants to my convent to obtain an interview with me. The messenger, on being admitted to my presence, inquired if I was the superior of the convent, and when I replied in the affirmative, informed me that I was expected to present myself immediately before the Queen of Sweden.

Fearful of keeping her Majesty waiting, I followed the man at once to the palace, without waiting to take any of my brethren from the convent with me. After a little delay in the antechamber, I was shown into the Queen's room. She was alone; and I saw, by the expression of her face, as I respectfully begged to be favored with her commands, that something was wrong. She hesitated for a moment; then told me rather sharply, to follow her to a place where she might speak with the certainty of not being overheard. She led me into the *Galerie des Cerfs*, and, turning round on me suddenly asked if we had ever met before. I informed her Majesty that I had once had the honor of presenting my respects to her; that she had received me graciously, and that there the interview had ended. She nodded her head and looked about her a little; then said, very abruptly, that I wore a dress (referring to my

convent costume) which encouraged her to put perfect faith in my honor; and she desired me to promise beforehand that I would keep the secret with which she was about to entrust me as strictly as if I had heard it in the confessional. I answered respectfully that it was part of my sacred profession to be trusted with secrets; and that I never betrayed the private affairs of any one, and that I could answer for myself as worthy to be honored by the confidence of a queen.

Upon this, her Majesty handed me a packet of papers sealed in three places, but having no superscription of any sort. She ordered me to keep it under lock and key, and to be prepared to give it her back again before any person in whose presence she might see fit to ask me for it. She further charged me to remember the day, the hour, and the place in which she had given me the packet; and with that last piece of advice she dismissed me. I left her alone in the gallery, walking slowly away from me, with her head drooping on her bosom, and her mind, as well as I could presume to judge, perturbed by anxious thoughts.*

On Saturday, the tenth of November, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I was sent for from Fontainebleau again. I took the packet out of my private cabinet, feeling that I might be asked for it; and then followed the messenger as before. This time he led me at once to the *Galerie des Cerfs*. The moment I entered it, he shut the door behind me with such extraordinary haste and violence, that I felt a little startled. As soon as I recovered myself, I saw her Majesty standing in the middle of the gallery, talking to one of the gentlemen of her Court, who was generally known by the name of The Marquis, and whom I soon ascertained to be the Marquis Monaldeschi, Grand Equerry of the Queen of Sweden. I approached her Majesty and made my bow, then stood before her, waiting until she should think proper to address me.

With a stern look on her face, and with a loud, clear, steady voice, she asked me before the Marquis and before three other men who were also in the gallery, for the packet which she had confided to my care. As she made that demand, two of the three

* Although Father Le Bel discreetly abstains from mentioning the fact, it seems clear from the context that he was permitted to read, and that he did read, the papers contained in the packet.

men moved back a few paces, while the third the captain of her guard, advanced rather nearer to her. I handed her back the packet. She looked at it thoughtfully for a little while; then opened it, and took out the letters and written papers which it contained, handed them to the Marquis Monaldeschi, and insisted on his reading them. When he had obeyed, she asked him, with the same stern look and the same steady voice, whether he had any knowledge of the documents which he had just been reading. The Marquis turned deadly pale, and answered that he had now read the papers referred to for the first time.

"Do you deny all knowledge of them?" said the Queen. "Answer me plainly, sir. Yes or no?"

The Marquis turned paler still. "I deny all knowledge of them," he said, in faint tones, with his eyes on the ground.

"Do you deny all knowledge of these too?" said the Queen, suddenly producing a second packet of manuscript from under her dress, and thrusting it in the Marquis' face.

He started, drew back a little, and answered not a word. The packet which the Queen had given to me contained copies only. The original papers were those which she had just thrust into the Marquis' face.

"Do you deny your own seal and your own handwriting?" she asked.

He murmured a few words, acknowledging both the seal and the handwriting to be his own, and added some phrases of excuse, in which he endeavored to cast the blame that attached to the writing of the letters on the shoulders of other persons. While he was speaking, the three men in attendance on the Queen silently closed round him.

Her Majesty heard him to the end. "You are a traitor," she said, and turned her back on him.

The three men, as she spoke those words, drew their swords.

The Marquis heard the clash of the blades against the scabbards, and, looking quickly round, saw the drawn swords behind him. He caught the queen by the arm immediately, and drew her away with him, first into one corner of the gallery then into another, entreating her in the most moving terms to listen to him, and to believe in the sincerity of his repentance. The Queen left

him go on talking without showing the least sign of anger or impatience. Her color never changed; the stern look never left her countenance. There was something awful in the clear, cold, deadly resolution which her eyes expressed while they rested on the Marquis' face.

At last she shook herself free from his grasp, still without betraying the slightest irritation. The three men with the drawn swords, who had followed the Marquis silently as he led the Queen from corner to corner of the gallery, now closed round him again, as soon as he was left standing alone. There was perfect silence for a minute or more. Then the Queen addressed herself to me.

"Father," she said, "I charge you to bear witness that I treat this man with the strictest impartiality." She pointed, while she spoke, to the Marquis Monaldeschi with a little ebony riding-whip that she carried in her hand. "I offer that worthless traitor all the time he requires—more time than he has any right to ask for—to justify himself if he can."

The Marquis hearing these words, took some letters from a place of concealment in his dress, and gave them to the Queen, along with a small bunch of keys. He snatched these last from his pocket so quickly, that he drew out with them a few small, silver coins which fell to the floor. As he addressed himself to the Queen again, she made a sign with her ebony riding-whip to the men with the drawn swords: and they retired towards one of the windows of the gallery. I, on my side, withdrew out of hearing. The conference which ensued between the Queen and the Marquis lasted nearly an hour. When it was over, her Majesty beckoned the men back again with the whip, and then approached the place where I was standing.

"Father," she said, in her clear, ringing, resolute tones, "there is no need for me to remain here any longer. I leave that man," she pointed to the Marquis again, "to your care. Do all that you can for the good of his soul. He has failed to justify himself, and I doom him to die."

If I had heard sentence pronounced against myself, I could hardly have been more terrified than I was when the Queen uttered these last words. The Marquis heard them where he was standing, and flung

himself at her feet. I dropped on my knees by his side, and entreated her to pardon him, or at least to visit his offence with some milder punishment than the punishment of death.

"I have said the words," she answered, addressing herself only to me; "and no power under Heaven shall make me unsay them. Many a man has been broken alive on the wheel for offences which were innocence itself compared with the offence which this perjured traitor has committed against me. I have trusted him as I might have trusted a brother; he has infamously betrayed that trust; and I exercise my royal rights over the life of a traitor. Say no more to me. I tell you again, he is doomed to die."

With these words the Queen quitted the gallery, and left me alone with Monaldeschi and the three executioners who were waiting to kill him.

The unhappy man dropped on his knees at my feet, and implored me to follow the Queen, and make one more effort to obtain his pardon. Before I could answer a word, the three men surrounded him, held the points of their swords to his sides, without, however, actually touching him, and angrily recommended him to make his confession to me, without wasting any more time. I entreated them, with the tears in my eyes, to wait as long as they could, so as to give the Queen time to reflect, and, perhaps, to falter in her deadly intentions towards the Marquis. I succeeded in producing such an impression on the chief of the three men, that he left us, to obtain an interview with the Queen, and to ascertain if there was any change in her purpose. After a very short absence he came back shaking his head.

"There is no hope for you," he said, addressing Monaldeschi. "Make your peace with Heaven. Prepare yourself to die!"

"Go to the Queen!" cried the Marquis, kneeling before me with clasped hands. "Go to the Queen yourself; make one more effort to save me! O, my father, my father, run one more risk—venture one last entreaty—before you leave me to die!"

"Will you wait till I come back?" I said to the three men.

"We will wait," they answered, and lowered their sword-points to the ground.

I found the Queen alone in her room,

without the slightest appearance of agitation in her face or her manner. Nothing that I could say had the slightest effect on her. I adjured her by all that religion holds most sacred to remember that the noblest privilege of any sovereign is the privilege of granting mercy: that the first of Christian duties is the duty of forgiving. She heard me unmoved. Seeing that entreaties were thrown away, I ventured, at my own proper hazard, on reminding her that she was not living now in her own kingdom of Sweden, but that she was the guest of the King of France, and lodged in one of his own palaces; and I boldly asked her, if she had calculated the possible consequences of authorizing the killing of one of her attendants inside the walls of Fontainebleau, without any preliminary form of trial, or any official notification of the offence that he had committed. She answered me coldly, that it was enough that she knew the unpardonable nature of the offence of which Monaldeschi had been guilty; that she stood in a perfectly independent position towards the King of France; that she was absolute mistress of her own actions, at all times and in all places; and that she was accountable to nobody under Heaven for her conduct towards her subjects and servants, over whose lives and liberties she possessed sovereign rights, which no consideration whatever should induce her to resign.

Fearful as I was of irritating her, I still ventured on reiterating my remonstrances. She cut them short by hastily signing to me to leave. As she dismissed me, I thought I saw a slight change pass over her face; and it occurred to me that she might not have been indisposed at that moment to grant some respite, if she could have done so without appearing to falter in her resolution, and without running the risk of letting Monaldeschi escape her. Before I passed the door I attempted to take advantage of the disposition to relent which I fancied I had perceived in her; but she angrily reiterated the gesture of dismissal before I had spoken half a-dozen words; and, with a heavy heart, I yielded to necessity, and left her.

On returning to the gallery, I found the three men standing round the Marquis, with their sword-points on the floor, exactly as I had left them.

"Is he to live or to die?" they asked when I came in.

There was no need for me to reply in words; my face answered the question. The Marquis groaned heavily, but said nothing. I sat myself down on a stool, and beckoned to him to come to me, and begged him, as well as my terror and wretchedness would let me, to think of repentance, and to prepare for another world. He began his confession kneeling at my feet, with his head on my knees. After continuing it for some time, he suddenly started to his feet with a scream of terror. I contrived to quiet him, and to fix his thoughts again on heavenly things. He completed his confession, speaking sometimes in Latin, sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, according as he could best explain himself in the agitation and misery which now possessed him.

Just as he had concluded, the Queen's chaplain entered the gallery. Without waiting to receive absolution, the unhappy Marquis rushed away from me to the chaplain, and, still clinging desperately to the hope of life, he besought him to intercede with the Queen. The two talked together in low tones, holding each other by the hand. When their conference was over, the chaplain left the gallery again, taking with him the chief of the three executioners who were appointed to carry out the Queen's deadly purpose. After a short absence, this man returned without the chaplain. "Get your absolution," he said briefly to the Marquis, "and make up your mind to die."

Saying these words, he seized Monaldeschi pressed him back against the wall at the end of the gallery, just under the picture of Saint Germain; and, before I could interfere, or even turn aside from the sight, aimed at the Marquis' right side with his sword. Monaldeschi caught the blade with his hand, cutting three of his fingers in the act. At the same moment the point touched his side and glanced off. Upon this, the man who had struck at him exclaimed, "He has armour under his clothes," and at the same moment, stabbed Monaldeschi in the face. As he received the wound, he turned round towards me, and cried out loudly, "My father! My father!"

I advanced towards him immediately; and, as I did so, the man who had wounded him

retired a little, and signed to his two companions to withdraw also. The Marquis, with one knee on the ground, asked pardon of God, and said certain last words in my ear. I immediately gave him absolution, telling him that he must atone for his sins by suffering death, and that he must pardon those who were about to kill him. Having heard my words, he threw himself forward on the floor, and, as he fell, one of the three executioners who had not assailed him as yet, struck at his head, and wounded him on the surface of the skull.

The Marquis sank on his face; then raised himself a little, and signed to the men to kill him outright, by striking him on the neck. The same man who had last wounded him obeyed by cutting two or three times at his neck, without, however, doing him any great injury. For it was indeed true that he wore armour under his clothes, which armour consisted of a shirt of mail weighing nine or ten pounds, and rising so high round his neck, inside his collar, as to defend it successfully from any chance blow with a sword.

Seeing this, I came forward to exhort the Marquis to bear his sufferings with patience, for the remission of his sins. While I was speaking, the chief of the three executioners advanced, and asked me if I did not think it was time to give Monaldeschi the finishing stroke. I pushed the man violently away from me, saying that I had no advice to offer on the matter, and telling him that if I had any orders to give, they would be for the sparing of the Marquis' life, and not for the hastening of his death. Hearing me speak in those terms, the man asked my pardon, and confessed that he had done wrong in addressing me on the subject at all.

He had hardly finished making his excuses to me, when the door of the gallery opened. The unhappy Marquis hearing the sound, raised himself from the floor, and, seeing that the person who entered was the Queen's chaplain, dragged himself along the gallery, holding on by the tapestry that hung from the walls, until he reached the feet of the holy man. There, he whispered a few words (as if he was confessing) to the chaplain, who, after first asking my permission, gave him absolution, and then returned to the Queen.

As the chaplain closed the door, the man who had struck the Marquis on the neck

stabbed him adroitly with a long narrow sword, in the throat, just above the edge of the shirt of mail. Monaldeschi sank on his right side, and spoke no more. For a quarter of an hour longer he still breathed, during which time I prayed by him, and exhorted him as I best could. When the bleeding from this last wound ceased, his life ceased with it. It was then a quarter to four o'clock. The death agony of the miserable man had lasted, from the time of the Queen's first pronouncing sentence on him, for nearly three hours.

I said the *De Profundis* over his body. While I was praying, the three men sheathed their swords, and the chief of them rifled the Marquis' pockets. Finding nothing on him but a prayer-book and a small knife, the chief beckoned to his companions, and they all three marched to the door in silence, went out, and left me alone with the corpse.

A few minutes afterwards I followed them, to go and report what had happened to the Queen. I thought her color changed a little when I told her that Monaldeschi was dead; but those cold, clear eyes of her's never softened, and her voice was still as steady and firm as when I first heard its tones on entering the gallery that day. She spoke very little, only saying to herself "He is dead, and he deserved to die!" Then, turning to me, she added, "Father, I leave the care of burying him to you; and, for my own part, I will charge myself with the expense of having masses enough said for the repose of his soul." I ordered the body to be placed in a coffin, which I instructed the bearers to remove to the churchyard on a tumbrel, in consequence of the great weight of the corpse, of the misty rain that was falling, and of the bad state of the roads. On Monday, the twelfth of November, at a quarter to six in the evening, the Marquis was buried in the parish church of Avon, near the font of holy water. The next day the Queen sent one hundred livres, by two of her servants, for masses for the repose of his soul.

Thus ends the extraordinary narrative of Father Le Bel. It is satisfactory to record, as some evidence of the progress of humanity, that the barbarous murder, committed under the sanction and authority of Queen Christina, which would have passed unnoticed in the feudal times, as an ordinary and legitimate exercise of a sovereign's authority over

a vassal, excited, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the utmost disgust and horror throughout Paris. The prime minister at that period, Cardinal Mazarin (by no means on over-scrupulous man, as all readers of French history know), wrote officially to Christina, informing her that "a crime so atrocious as that which had just been committed under her sanction, in the Palace of Fontainebleau, must be considered as a sufficient cause for banishing the Queen of Sweden from the court and dominions of his sovereign, who, in common with every honest man in the kingdom, felt horrified at the lawless outrage which had just been committed on the soil of France."

To this letter Queen Christina sent the following answer, which, as a specimen of spiteful effrontery, has probably never been matched :

"MONSIEUR MAZARIN,—Those who have communicated to you the details of the death of my equerry, Monaldeschi, knew nothing at all about it. I think it highly absurd that you should have compromised so many people for the sake of informing yourself about one simple fact. Such a proceeding on your part, ridiculous as it is, does not, however, much astonish me. What I am amazed at, is, that you and the king your master should have dared to express disapproval of what I have done.

"Understand, all of you—servants and masters, little people and great—that it was my sovereign pleasure to act as I did. I neither owe, nor render, an account of my actions to any one,—least of all, to a bully like you.

"It may be well for you to know, and to report to any one whom you can get to listen to you, that Christina cares little for your court, and still less for you. When I want to revenge myself, I have no need of your formidable power to help me. My honor obliged me to act as I did; my will is my law, and you ought to know how to respect it. . . . Understand, if you please, that wherever I choose to live, there I am Queen; and that

the men about me, rascals as they may be, are better than you and the myrmidons whom you keep in your service.

"Take my advice, Mazarin, and behave yourself for the future so as to merit my favor; you cannot, for your own sake, be too anxious to deserve it. Heaven preserve you from venturing on any more disparaging remarks about my conduct! I shall hear of them, if I am at the other end of the world, for I have friends and followers in my service who are as unscrupulous and as vigilant as any in yours, though it is probable enough that they are not quite so heavily bribed."

After replying to the prime minister of France in these terms, Christina was wise enough to leave the kingdom immediately.

For three years more, she pursued her travels. At the expiration of that time, her cousin, the king of Sweden, in whose favor she had abdicated, died. She returned at once to her own country, with the object of possessing herself once more of the royal power. Here the punishment of the merciless crime that she had sanctioned overtook her at last. The brave and honest people of Sweden refused to be governed by the woman who had ordered the murder of Monaldeschi, and who had forsaken the national religion for which her father had died. Threatened with the loss of her revenues as well as the loss of her sovereignty, if she remained in Sweden, the proud and merciless Christina yielded for the first time in her life. She resigned once more all right and title to the royal dignity, and left her native country for the last time. The final place of her retirement was Rome. She died there in the year 1689. Even in the epitaph which she ordered to be placed on her tomb, the strange and daring character of the woman breaks out. The whole record of that wild, wondrous, wicked existence, was summed up with stern brevity in this one line :

"CHRISTINA LIVED SEVENTY-TWO YEARS."

FEMALES AT VESTRIES.—I have seen females at vestries attending as overseers of the poor; and for voting, they having a legal vote in all parish matters, if rated to the poor.

It will probably be found that in recent un-

happy church-rate contests, many such have exercised their right; and I know an instance of one attending in her carriage, and no doubt there are many more.—*Notes and Queries.*

From Chambers' Journal.

CATHERINE OF WÜRTEMBERG.

ROYAL LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AN act of graceful homage has recently been paid to the memory of Catherine of Würtemberg, the second wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and the mother of Prince Napoleon, who has of late attracted so much attention in the European world. The heart of the ex-queen of Westphalia, enclosed in an urn, has been deposited in the tomb of Emperor Napoleon at the Invalides. It is, as has been well observed in the *Times*, "the heart of a noble woman, of one whom no entreaties of her father, the king of Würtemberg, could induce to abandon her husband in his days of adversity, and who clung to him in evil report and good report to the hour of her death." The circumstances of her life are so full of deep and touching interest, that we trust our readers will not unwillingly follow us in some passages of her changeful and eventful career.

At the commencement of the present century, the ancient palace at Stuttgart was the peaceful and happy abode of the ducal family of Würtemberg, whose position, although high enough to secure for them the homage and respect which is due to the princely houses of Europe, yet seemed not lofty enough to expose them to the political dangers so often entailed on the more elevated and ambitious potentates of Christendom. The great social revolution, however, which had shaken continental Europe to its very foundations, came to disturb the tranquil happiness of the Würtemberg family. Napoleon the Great, now seated firmly upon the imperial throne of France, resolved that a crown should also encircle each of his brothers' brows. The throne of Holland had been bestowed upon Lucien Bonaparte; Joseph was the king of Spain; and a new kingdom—that of Westphalia—was about to be formed for Jerome. There was, however, one serious obstacle in the way of this latter arrangement: Jerome had, in defiance of his brother's wishes, wedded himself to an American lady, who had recently presented him with a son. Napoleon was seriously displeased at this union, and refused to acknowledge its validity. Jerome, warmly attached to his wife, came over to Europe, and throwing himself at the emperor's feet, besought his pardon, and earnestly entreated

him to receive his spouse as a member of the imperial family. This request was made at an untoward moment; for Jerome's interview with the emperor took place at Milan, in 1705, just after he had grasped the iron crown of the ancient kings of Lombardy, bearing this proud yet beautiful device:

"Dio me la diede;
Quai che la tocca."

It was at this proud moment of his life that Jerome asked him to receive a plebeian sister from republican America! The request was indignantly refused. Jerome shed tears of passionate affection as he embraced his wife's portrait, and swore never to give her up for any paltry consideration of earthly grandeur. He, however, lacked the firmness and resolution by which the Bonaparte family were so eminently characterized; and when the temptation of a kingdom, with its power and its pomps, was held out to his dazzled vision, he gradually became less vehement in his denials, and finally yielded to the will of his imperious brother. His wife was abandoned, his offspring disowned, and Jerome stood alone, a weak and guilty man, ready to sacrifice honor, affection and duty upon the base altar of earthly ambition.

And now, who is to be his partner upon the newly erected throne of Westphalia?

Napoleon turned his glance towards Würtemberg, which had recently been raised to the dignity of a kingdom, and whose sovereignty was now degraded into a satellite of imperial France. The princess-royal had just completed her twentieth year. Fair in person, and amiable in disposition, this youthful princess possessed, nevertheless, far more firmness than her royal parent, and she resolutely expressed her aversion to the proposed alliance, regarding Napoleon as the direct foe of her native Germany; while at the same time she felt her maiden dignity deeply offended at the thought of being espoused to a man, who in her estimation, was already married to another. Vain, however, were all her remonstrances. She was compelled to bow beneath the iron will of Napoleon the Great, with whom her father was at this time closely allied; and before many months had elapsed, she found herself wedded by proxy to Jerome, king of Westphalia, and had entered the confines of France as the acknowledged sister of its imperial ruler. She was obliged, in compliance with court

etiquette, to part on the frontiers with all her German attendants, and to advance alone in a foreign country, surrounded indeed by a brilliant retinue, but with no familiar face to meet her saddened gaze; no sweet sound of home voices to soothe the bitter feelings of her heart. With the characteristic firmness of her disposition, however, she gathered up all her courage to meet the trying circumstances of her lot, and seemed resolved that no tell-tale glance should betray the hidden conflict of her heart. As she drew near to Paris, the whole current of her being seemed to be changed; the usual kindness of her manner became petrified into a proud and frigid bearing; and while she was studiously courteous to her attendants, her evident constraint gave a disagreeable expression to her countenance.

It was on the 20th of August 1807 that, at an early hour of the day, she found herself almost in sight of Paris; but i being Napoleon's pleasure that she should not enter his capital until evening, she was conducted by his order to Rainey—a charming country residence, once the abode of royalty, but now the possession of Junot, Duc d'Abrantes, whose wife was commanded to receive the princess with all the honor due to her elevated rank. The duchess received her *en demi toilette de cour* on the grand *peristyle* of the château, and conducted her to her own apartments, where a repast of the most costly description was prepared for her refreshment. She courteously insisted on Madame d'Abrantes and her friends partaking with her of breakfast; and the animation with which she talked might have bespoken a mind contented with its lot, but that the rapid changes in her countenance revealed only too clearly the inward conflict of her heart. At one moment, her features were suffused with the deepest crimson, and at another they became livid with a deadly pallor.

The afternoon was filled up with a drive through the Forest of Bondy, during which the princess still exerted herself to appear pleased with the efforts made for her amusement. Next came the grand affair of her toilet, which seemed to Madame d'Abrantes a matter of the utmost importance at this critical moment of the princess' life. She anxiously awaited her appearance in the saloon before dinner. What was her dismay on beholding the royal bride enter the apart-

ment clad in a style of old-fashioned magnificence that might have suited her grandmother, but which was ill-befitting the court of the Tuileries in 1807. The material was a bluish moire—at that time quite out of date—cut out into a scanty narrow *frock* with a short round *queue*, exactly resembling a beaver's tail; the sleeves very narrow and very flat, looking as if her arms had been squeezed into them; and then the shoes pointed, as if they had been made some centuries ago. Around her neck hung two rows of pearls, from whence was suspended a miniature of Jerome, so clumsily set that it swung about at each movement of the wearer. In spite of this antique costume, the appearance of the princess was pleasing and attractive. She is described to us as “of a fair and fresh complexion; her beautiful light hair and blue eyes harmonizing well with the graceful and dignified turn of her head, and she entered the apartment with as much princely self-possession as if she had been attired under the direction of the imperial *coiffeur* and *modiste*—personages of such importance as to be remembered even now under the names of Charbonnier and Leroy.” Before dinner was announced, Catherine's agitation became so evident to her hostess, that the latter ventured to inquire whether aught had occurred to disturb her royal highness. Catherine, in reply, expressed her wish to be informed a few moments before Jerome's arrival, so that she might be prepared to meet him. This was promised; and while the princess thanked Madame d'Abrantes for her kind readiness to oblige her, “the burning blushes on her cheek revealed no pleasing emotion, but the passionate pain of an indignant woman's heart.”

“The dinner,” Madame d'Abrantes writes, “was dull, and even mournful. The princess was restless and agitated. Having asked her twice which she would prefer—taking coffee and ice in the park, or in the grand saloon, she seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and looking at me as if she scarcely understood the purport of my question' replied: ‘Just as you please.’

“We quitted table at half-past six, and feeling anxious to satisfy the princess' wishes, I went to inquire whether there was any symptom of Jerome's approach. Just at this moment, a cloud of dust became visible on the road from Paris, and several carriages

were seen to enter the popular avenue. I hastened to inform the princess that in a few minutes the prince would make his appearance. With a faint attempt to smile, she thanked me for my kindness; but her appearance really alarmed me; for in a moment her whole countenance became of a deep purple hue, which was immediately succeeded by the cold blanched color of death. She seemed, however, to summon all her resolution, and, rising from her seat, advanced with one of her ladies-in-waiting to the grand saloon, to await the prince's arrival. This apartment communicates at either end with the music-saloon and billiard room, from both of which it is separated only by pillars, so that we who were assembled in the billiard-room could see all that passed in the central saloon.

"Catherine of Würtemberg seated herself near the chimney, having by her side an arm-chair, intended for the prince. The door of the music-saloon opened, and Jerome entered, followed by the officers of his household, who remained in the outer chamber, while the prince advanced alone into the saloon where Catherine awaited him. She rose up, advanced a step or two towards him, and saluted him with much grace and dignity. As for Jerome, his aspect was that of a boor, who looked as if he had come there because he was ordered to do so. He approached the princess with an air of *brusquerie* and *malaise*. After a few words had been exchanged between them, she pointed to the chair near her; and a brief conversation ensued about her journey. Before long, Jerome rose up, and, in the tone and style of a *bourgeois*, said to her: 'My brother is expecting us. I do not wish to delay the pleasure he will have in welcoming you as his sister.' The princess smiled and bowed acquiescence; but scarcely had Jerome withdrawn from her presence, when she fainted away. We carried her to the open window, and bathed her temples with Eau de Cologne. In a few moments, she recovered herself, and attributed her indisposition to the excessive heat of the weather; but I understood only too well the bitter conflict of womanly feeling and of royal pride which was raging in poor Catherine's breast, not to guess at the true cause of her indisposition."

When Madame Junot announced to the

princess that her equipage was ready, she rose up, and, gracefully thanking her for her kind hospitality, said that she was ready to depart.

What were the desolate feelings of poor Catherine's heart during this twilight drive from Raincy to Paris, no human being knew, nor what were her miserable anticipations of the future that lay before her. On her arrival at the Tuilleries, she found the whole imperial family assembled to receive her. The emperor advanced as far as the grand staircase to bid her welcome. She attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, but he hastened to raise her up, and after embracing her, conducted her into the saloon of the throne, where he presented her to his assembled family as their sister and daughter. She was immediately surrounded, caressed, and treated from that moment as a sister of the emperor.

Such were the opening scenes in the wedded life of Catherine of Würtemberg. Need it be added that her after-path was one beset with thorns rather than strewed with flowers? Forced to bestow her hand upon a man from whom she instinctively shrank, as being in her opinion already espoused to another, the unhappy queen of Westphalia had not even the poor satisfaction of being treated with respect by her royal husband. Many were the humiliations which she suffered at the court of Cassel, and she bore them all in silence. Faithfully did she strive to fulfil the onerous duties of her position, and never was a single murmur suffered to escape her lips. The only happy moments of her crowned life were those in which she clasped her infants to her arms, although, perhaps, the name of Napoleon, which had been bestowed upon her son, often brought a pang to her heart, as reminding her of him through whose insatiable ambition a hopeless blight had fallen upon her opening life.

Time passed on. The eventful years of 1814-15 elapsed. Napoleon had fallen, and those modern dynasties, which had flourished in the sunshine of his power, were withering away beneath the shadow of "the Holy Alliance." The queen of Westphalia had taken refuge, with her children, beneath her father's roof. Jerome had joined his brother Napoleon in Paris on his return from Elba, and had carried with him thither all the baubles of royalty, in the hope that, at no distant

day, he might once more appear in public with these insignia of power. In this expectation, however, he was quickly disappointed, and, on the evacuation of Paris, he retired with the army beyond the Loire. His situation being now a very precarious one, he gladly accepted a refuge in the Château of Douy, where, under the assumed name of Garnier, he was hospitably entertained by M. Ouvrard, the eminent financier. Owing to the frequent presence of military men who were quartered in the château, Jerome was obliged to remain secluded in his own apartments. One day, in a moment of ennui, the ex-monarch opened a trunk, took out his royal robes of state, together with the many brilliant orders which had been bestowed upon him in his happier days, and clothed himself in all the magnificence of royalty. Just as his splendid toilet was completed, the door of his apartment opened, and M. Ouvrard entered. The discreet financier was astonished at such an act of imprudence on the part of his guest, and fearing that a repetition of his folly might betray his secret to the whole household, and thus involve the family in political danger, he counselled Jerome no longer to delay his escape out of France. On the following morning, before daylight, the deposed king was on his way to the eastern frontier, whence he hastened to Stuttgart, and, entering in secret his father-in-law's palace, besought his wife to procure for him a welcome in the home of her childhood and her youth. The princess, mindful only of her husband's forlorn position, welcomed him heartily to her apartments. The news of his arrival, however, quickly reached the ears of the king of Würtemberg, whose political position made him shrink from communication with any of the Bonaparte family. On the following morning, therefore he signified his pleasure to the ex-queen that her husband must forthwith quit his palace, as he could not harbor beneath his roof one of a proscribed and outlawed family, pointing out to her at the same time the example of Maria-Louisa, who had consented to a separation from her husband. He also expressed his desire for an interview with his daughter, that she might learn his wishes more emphatically from his own royal lips. The princess-royal immediately addressed to her parent a reply, which merits a place in the annals of all those nations

where women are counted worthy of honor as well as of love. It was in the following terms.

"SIRE—Your majesty has summoned me this morning to your presence. For the first time in my life, I have denied myself the pleasure of obeying your commands. Knowing the subject of the interview, and fearing that my mind was not sufficiently collected to speak of it, I venture here to unfold the motives of my conduct, and to make an appeal to your paternal affection. Your majesty has been rightly informed; yes, sire, Prince Jerome, your son-in-law, my husband, and the father of my children, is with me. I received him from your hands at a time when his family reigned supreme over many kingdoms, and when his own brow was encircled with a crown. The bonds imposed at first by policy have since then been strengthened and confirmed by the feelings of my own heart; and he is far dearer to me now, in the hour of his adversity, than ever he was in the time of power and prosperity. Marriage and nature impose duties which cannot be affected by the vicissitudes of fortune. I know these important duties, and I desire to fulfil them. I was once a queen, and I am still a wife and mother. Although raised by fortune above other men, we are often only the more to be pitied. A will at variance with our own may influence our destiny, but there its power ceases, for it can by no means affect the obligations which Divine Providence has imposed upon us. The husband who was given to me by God and by yourself—the child whom I have borne in my bosom; these are now a part of my very existence. With this husband, I shared a throne; with him, will I share exile and misfortune. Violence alone can separate me from him. But O! my father, my sovereign! I know your heart—your justice and the rectitude of your principles; I know what those principles have ever been on the subject of domestic duties. I do not ask your majesty, out of affection towards me, to make any change in the line of conduct which has been adopted in conformity with the determination of the most mighty sovereigns of Europe; I only crave your permission that my husband and I may remain near your person. But O! my father! my sovereign! if this boon is denied us, let us at least be assured of your favor and kindness before we set out for a strange land. Without some proof of your paternal love, I can scarcely find courage to appear in your presence. If we must depart at once, let us bear with us at least the assurance of your affection as well as the hope of your protection in happier times. Our misfortunes will surely one day have an end. Europe

will not always command our humiliation; it will not always delight in degrading princes who have been recognized by former treaties, and who are allied to the most ancient and most illustrious houses in Europe. Is not their blood mingled with our own? Pardon me, my father, and my sovereign, for having thus expressed myself, and deign to let me know that this letter has not been received with displeasure. Believe me, &c.

CATHERINE."

This touching and noble appeal could scarcely fail to melt the heart of a father; but political motives were at that critical period far more powerful in the breasts of monarchs than the gentler voice of domestic affection. The Princess of Würtemberg, together with her husband and son, were obliged to quit that Fatherland to which she was so tenderly attached. They took refuge in the Papal States, where they lived for many years under the name of the Duke and Duchess of Montfort. They chose a country habitation named Casino Azzolino, near the river Trento, which forms a limit between the Roman and Neapolitan states. Even here, however, they could not escape the humiliations which were at this time the portion of the Bonaparte family. They were prohibited by the king of Naples from entering his dominions, and so rigidly were his commands enforced, that the Countess Conrurata, a niece of Jerome's, having ventured one day, in a girlish freak, to cross the Fiume Trento for the sake of enjoying a ride in the Neapolitan territories, she narrowly escaped

being seized by the Neapolitan soldiers, who were placed there to guard the bridge. The young and ardent countess was exceedingly indignant at this curtailment of her liberty.

"*Napoleon's niece*," exclaimed she, dwelling emphatically upon this word—"Napoleon's niece is not made to have her walks dictated to her; she is not the vassal of any sovereign!"

The Duke and Duchess of Montfort had all the difficulty in the world to calm her anger, and to prove to her the necessity of submitting to the ungenerous restrictions imposed by the king of Naples. As for Catherine of Würtemberg, she pursued the even tenor of her way, treading in the same path of duty and affection until death closed the earthly portion of her existence. We know not what were her father's feelings on hearing that she had died in the land of her exile. But whatever they were, the memory of Catherine of Würtemberg is still fresh in many hearts; and although she did not live to witness the realization of the hope expressed in her letter, yet to her children has it been given to enjoy the blessing of restoration to their country, and also to share in those imperial honors which have once again become the portion of Napoleon's family. Perhaps we need scarcely add, that Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde are the sole descendants of this noble-minded woman. No higher honor could be sought for or desired than to be the children of such a mother.

STEAMBOATS.—The writer's attention has been drawn to certain documents contained in the appendix to Senor Navarrete's *History of the Four Voyages of Columbus*, and which are vouched by the historian to be authentic extracts from the series of Spanish records preserved at Simancas. They narrate that, in the months of May and June 1543, Blasco de Garay, a naval captain in the service of the Emperor Charles V., conducted at Barcelona a series of experiments upon the applicability to ships of a certain propulsive force which he alleged himself to have discovered; that the mechanism which he employed consisted of two wheels, one attached to either extremity of a movable axis which traversed the vessel's waist, and was connected in a peculiar manner with a large caldron of boiling-water; that the experiments were conducted in the presence of several persons of high birth deputed by the emperor

to witness them, of many naval commanders, and of "a crowd of curious persons capable of appreciating the discovery;" that on the seventeenth of the aforesaid month of June, De Garay succeeded in taking to sea a vessel of two hundred tons burden; that she was propelled neither by sail nor oar; and that her rate of speed was about a league an hour. On the authenticity of these documents, strong doubts were cast by the late M. Arago, in the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* for 1828. Whether it was ever successfully vindicated, the present writer has been unable to learn: but if the documents be genuine, as, from Senor Navarrete's character, is not improbable, there can be no doubt that De Garay had actually solved an important physical problem, and was the first to venture to sea in a ship propelled by the agency of steam.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From Household Words.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

SIX hundred and ten years ago a sheriff of London, named Simon Fitz-Mary, founded and built, in the parish of Bishopsgate, near the north-east corner of Lower Moorfields, a priory dedicated to St. Mary of Bethlehem. It was required that the prior, canons, brothers and sisters maintained upon this foundation should represent the darkness of night in their robes; each was to be dressed in complete black, and wear a single star upon the breast. Into the darkness of the clouded mind of the poor lunatic, no star then shone. He lived the life of a tormented outcast.

The priory of St. Mary of Bethlehem in Bishopsgate, was within two dozen years of completing the third century of its life as a religious house, when there were great changes at work among religious houses in this country, and a London merchant-tailor—Stephen Gennings—offered to pay forty pounds towards buying the house of Bethlehem and turning it into a hospital for the insane.

Twenty-two years later, King Henry the Eighth made a gift of the house to the City of London, and then it first became, by order of the city authorities, a lunatic asylum. Only the faintest glimmer of the star that was the harbinger of peace then pierced the night of the afflicted mind. The asylum was a place of chains, and manacles, and stocks. In one of the last years of the sixteenth century, when Bethlehem, as a place of refuge—or rather of custody—for the insane, was fifty-three years old, a committee appointed to report upon it, declared the house to be so loathsome and filthy that it was not fit for any man to enter.

Seventy more years went by, and the old house was then not only loathsome in all its cells, but as to the very substance of its walls decayed and ruinous. A new building became necessary, land was granted by the mayor and corporation, in Coleman Street ward, and funds for a new building were collected. A pleasant little incident is told of the collection. The collectors came one day to the house of an old gentleman, whose front door was ajar, and whom they heard inside rating his servant soundly, because, after having lighted a fire with a match, she had put the match into the fire, when it could have been used a second time, because

it was tipped with sulphur at both ends. To their surprise this old gentleman—when the collectors asked him for some money—counted out to them, quite cheerfully, four hundred guineas. They remarked upon what they had overheard.

"That is another thing," said he. "I do not spend this money in waste. Don't be surprised again, masters, at anything of this sort; but always expect most from prudent people who mind their accounts."

Partly with charitable purpose, partly with selfish purpose, to provide a place of confinement for the lunatics, whom it was not safe to leave loose in the streets of London, abundant funds were raised; and, in the year 1675, the first stone of a new Bethlehem was laid—south of Moorfields—on London Wall. The building was a large one, with two wings devoted to incurables. It had garden-ground, and at its entrance-gate were set up the two stone figures of madness carved by Cibber—Colley Cibber's father—who is nearly as well-known by them as by the emblematical figures at the base of the monument on Fish Street Hill, of which also he was the sculptor. One of the figures representing madness is said to have been modelled from Oliver Cromwell's big door-keeper who became insane. The two figures—repaired by Bacon—stand in the entrance-hall of the existing Bethlehem.

But the existing Bethlehem is not that which was built in 1675, facing the ground in Moorfields then a pleasure to the citizens, laid out with trees, grass, railings, and fine gravel-paths, and traversed by a broad and shady walk parallel to the hospital, that was known as the City Mall. Bethlehem, while the pleasure lasted, was a part of it. For a hundred years an admission fee—first, two-pence and then of a penny—was the charge for a promenade among the lunatics. The more agreeable of the sufferers were lodged conveniently on the upper stories, and the more afflicted kept in filth within the dungeons at the basement.

Bethlehem, as an asylum for the insane, even in its first state of sixteenth century loathsomeness, while it was still half a religious house, had been a show-place. Thus certain gentlemen in one of Decker's plays ask:

"May we see some of those wretched souls
That are here in your keeping?"

And the answer is from

"FRIAR ANSELMO (*in charge of Bethlem*).—

Yes you shall:

But, gentlemen, I must disarm you, then.
There are of madmen, as there are of tame,—
All humor'd not alike. We have some here
So apish and fantastic, play with a feather:
And tho' 'twould grieve a soul to see God's
image

So blemished and defaced, yet do they act
Such antic and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of sorrow they will make you smile.
Others, again, we have, like angry lions.

Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies;
And these have oftentimes from strangers'
sides

Snatch'd rapiers suddenly, and done much
harm;

Whom, if you'll see, you must be weapon-
less."

No doubt a like rule was imposed also upon the promenaders who strolled into Bethlem from the City Mall. It was only in the year 1770, that the asylum ceased to be included among penny-shows.

At the beginning of the present century, the second hospital being of not more than about one hundred and thirty years' standing it was found necessary to rebuild it on another site. The City of London granted eleven acres on the Surrey side of the Thames, which were part of its Bridge-House estate, for eight hundred and ninety-five years, dating from the year 1810. Two years later, the first stone of the existing Bethlehem was laid by the Lord Mayor, and the building was completed—two-and-forty years ago—at an expense of about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, of which sum more than half was contributed by the country in successive grants from parliament. As the united hospital of Bridewell and Bethlehem, the establishment is well endowed, drawing from its estates and funded property an income of about thirty thousand pounds a year. That is the first material fact in a case which we shall presently be stating.

But even at the time, so recent as it is, when the new Bethlehem was built, and for some years after, the star of Bethlehem was set in the deep blackness of night. Simon Fitz-Mary's priors, in the dress he prescribed for them, might be emblems of the light that had shed no ray into the darkness round about. None needed more than the lunatic to know, and none knew less than he did, of a star that should lead to peace on earth and

goodwill among men. Afflicted with a disorder which we now understand to result mainly perhaps invariably, from depressing causes, he was, till the beginning of this century and after it, submitted to depressing treatment that alone would have sufficed to drive the healthiest to madness. The remedy for lunacy which we now find in cheerfulness and hope was sought in gloom and terror. It was the accepted doctrine as regards the lunatic, that he should not find peace on earth or meet with goodwill among men. At the beginning of this century insane people were chained up, and even flogged at certain periods of the moon's age. Treacherous floors were contrived that slipped from under them, and plunged them into what are called baths of surprise. One device supposed to be remedial in its effect, was to chain the unhappy sufferer inside a well contrived so that water should creep slowly, slowly from his feet up to his knees, from his knees to his arms, from his arms to his neck, and stop only in the moment that it threatened him with instant suffocation. Dr. Darwin invented a wheel to which lunatics were fastened on a chair, and on which they were set revolving at a pace varying up to one hundred revolutions in a minute. Dr. Cox suggested an improvement applicable in some cases, that was to consist in whirling round the lunatic upon this wheel in a dark chamber, and assailing his senses at the same time with horrid noises and foul smells.

It is not our purpose here to tell the history of that great change in the treatment of insanity which is one of the most welcome signs of the advance of knowledge and civilization in the present century. Only forty years ago, when in France the experience of Pinel at the Bicêtre had already gone far to reverse in many minds and in some places the old doctrine of restraint and terror, at Bethlehem there were found ten women in one side room chained to the wall, wearing no dress but a blanket, and without even a girdle to confine the blanket at the waist. There were other such spectacles, and there was a man whose situation is the subject of one of the plates in the work of Esquirol. In the wise and good Dr. Conolly's recent book upon the treatment of the insane, the case of this man, buried in thick darkness beneath the star of Bethlehem, is thus described. His name was Norris. "He had

been a powerful and violent man. Having on one occasion resented what he considered some improper treatment by his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which was ingeniously passed through a wall into the next room, where the victorious keeper, out of the patient's reach, could drag the unfortunate man close to the wall whenever he pleased." To protect himself, Norris wrapped straw about his fetters. A new torment was then invented. "A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards and downwards on an upright, massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted: on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which being fastened to and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. The effect of this apparatus was that the patient could indeed raise himself up so as to stand against the wall, but could not stir one foot from it, could not walk one step, and could not even lie down except on his back; and in this thralldom he had lived for twelve years! During much of that time he is reported as having been rational in his conversation. But for him, in all those twelve years, there had been no variety of any kind, no refreshing change, no relief; no fresh air, no exercise; no sight of fields, or gardens, or earth, or heaven. . . . It is painful to have to add, that this long-continued punishment had the recorded approbation of all the authorities of the hospital."

But the star of Bethlehem had then already begun to shine effectually. Slowly the darkness melted into light, but it lurked long in many corners of the place—so long, that only five or six years ago Bethlehem Hospital was, on account of offences against light and knowledge, which it was said to shelter, made the subject of a parliamentary inquiry. By that inquiry the authorities were roused to energetic action. They had unwittingly allowed the hospital to fall in several respects behind some kindred institutions that kept pace with the improving knowledge of the day. In a liberal and earnest spirit they have since been working to make good their error; aided by a new superintendent at once thoughtful and energetic, they now lead where they used to lag upon the road.

One change that has been rather lately made is characteristic enough of the rest. The brick work which, except a round hole or a fanlight, used to fill up the outlines of what would have been windows in an ordinary house, has all been knocked away; the bars and double bars between the patient and the light have been uprooted; large well-glazed windows with the glass set in light iron frames, that look even less prison-like than thicker frames of wood, have, throughout, been substituted for the grated crannies which are still preserved by Government in that part of the hospital devoted to state prisoners; and in this way the quantity of light and sunshine let into all the rooms and wards has been increased sevenfold, or even tenfold. It gives life to the flowers in the wards, sets the birds singing, and brightens up the pictures and pleasant images with which the walls are all adorned. Light has been let into Bethlehem in more senses than one. It is now an asylum of the most unexceptionable kind. That is the second material fact in the case which we shall presently be stating.

For, we have a special case to state nearly concerning a large section of society, and we are coming to it surely, although slowly. But we must dwell for a little while upon the pleasantness of Bedlam. We went over the hospital a week or two ago. Within the entrance gates, as we went round the lawn towards the building, glancing aside, we saw several groups of patients quietly sunning themselves in the garden, some playing on a grass-plot with two or three happy little children. We found afterwards that these were the children of the resident physician and superintendent, Dr. Hood. They are trusted freely among the patients, and the patients take great pleasure in their presence among them. The sufferers feel that surely they are not cut off from fellowship with man—not objects of a harsh distrust—when even little children come to play with them, and prattle confidently in their ears. There are no chains nor strait waistcoats now in Bethlehem; yet, upon the staircase of a ward occupied by men—the greater number of whom would, in the old time, have been beheld by strong-nerved adults with a shudder—there stood a noble little boy, another fragment of the resident physician's family, with a bright smile upon his face, who looked like an em-

bodiment of the good spirit that had found its way into the hospital, and chased out all the gloom.

Except the detached building for women which is under the direction of the State, and in which are maintained criminals discharged from punishment on the ground of lunacy—and this dim building, full of bolts and bars, in which male patients are herded without system, is a bit of the old obsolete gloom deserving of the heaviest censure, and disgraceful alike to the Governors of the Hospital and the Governors of the State—except this, all the wards of Bethlehem are airy and cheerful. In the entrance hall there is a sharp contrast manifest upon the threshold between past and present. Cibber's two hideous statues of the madmen of old, groaning in their chains, are upon pedestals, to the right hand and the left. Before us is a sunny staircase, and a great window without bar or grating, except that made by the leaves of growing plants. The song of a bird is the first sound that greets the ear. We pass from room to room, and everywhere we find birds, flowers, books, statuettes, and pictures. Thousands of middle class homes contain nothing so pretty as a ward in Bedlam. In every window growing plants in pots, ferneries in Ward's cases. Singing birds in cages, and sometimes, also, baskets of flowering plants, are hung in two long lines on each side of the room, and in the centre of one wall there is, in every ward, an aviary. All spaces between the windows are adorned with framed engravings;—spoiled prints, that is to say, impressions from, for the most part, valuable and costly plates, in which there is some flaw that might easily escape the inexperienced eye, have been presented to the hospital in great numbers by considerate printsellers, and hundreds of these ornament its walls, varnished, framed, and screwed permanently in their places by the patients themselves. Scarcely less numerous are the plaster busts and statuettes on little brackets. The tables in every room are brought to a bright polish by the hand-labor of its tenants, and their bright surface adds much to the elegance and lightness of the general effect. Upon the tables are here and there vases, containing fresh or artificial flowers, newspapers, and other journals of the day, books, chess-boards, and draught-boards. A bagatelle-board is among the furniture of every ward; generally it

includes also a piano or an organ. We have spoken generally of a ward, but the word does not mean only one long room or portion of a gallery. There is that common room; there is a not less cheerful dining-room; there is a bath-room, an infirmary; and there are the old dungeon-cells, once lighted by a round hole, and supplied with a trough on the floor for bed, and with an open drain-hole for toilet furniture,—now transformed into light and airy little bedrooms, with a neat wooden bedstead duly equipped to take rest upon, and carpet on the floor. Dismal old stoves have been removed, and the hot air apparatus, by which the building is warmed, is assisted, for the sake of ventilation and of cheerfulness, with open fires.

Again, there is at the top of the building, with glass walls, and supplied with lights for evening and foggy weather, one of the best billiard-rooms in the three kingdoms, maintained for the use of the patients. It is fully adapted for its purpose, and is comfortably furnished; a large table, upon which are arranged magazines and newspapers, not being forgotten. Out of doors there are pleasant airy grounds; there is the poultry to feed; there are sundry fittings destined to provide amusement; there is a good bowling-green and skittle-ground.

Furthermore, there is good diet. The dietary at Bethlehem has been liberal for many years; it being now clearly understood that full nourishment to the body is of important service in the treatment of insanity. There is a liberal allowance daily of good meat and beer, with no omission of the little odds and ends that make eating and drinking burdens upon life not altogether unendurable, and take the idea of prison-commons quite out of the hospital allowance. In one cool room we found a nest of plates containing gooseberry pie, which had been deposited there by their owners, simply because the room was cool and the day hot. If there be two ideas that never before came into association in our minds, they are gooseberry-pie and Bedlam.

As to all the small comforts of life, patients in Bethlehem are as much at liberty to make provision for themselves as they would be at home. The restraint to which they are subject is, in fact, that to which they would be subjected at home, if they could there, as in the hospital, put their case under the direction of a competent physician. Their pleas-

ures are not even always bounded by the hospital walls. They go in little knots, with an attendant, to enjoy the sights of London and the country round about.

When we compare with such details the tale of Norris, twelve years bound in iron hand and foot within these walls, and that within the present century, we marvel at the quickness and completeness of the change made by a reversal of old superstitions on the treatment of insanity. The star of Bethlehem shines out at last. So sure is the influence of faith and kindness, that we found even in the refractory ward, glass fern-cases laid handy to the fist, and all the little ornaments and pleasures to be found elsewhere. Not a case had been cracked: not a plaster image had been broken.

Thus we have in Bethlehem a hospital endowed for the service of society by benefactions that began six hundred years ago, in which poor lunatics can be maintained and treated quite apart from any system throwing them on county or on parish rates, not as the objects of a charity, but as the receivers of a legacy from men who wished to be of use to persons who would find the legacy an aid to them. The money was not left to the rich who need it not. The charter of the hospital requires therefore that the patients who are admitted should be poor. This was interpreted to mean chiefly paupers, but the care of pauper lunatics devolves on the society in which they live, and is accepted by it. The great county lunatic asylums now receive them, and for this reason the number of admissions into Bethlehem was diminishing, when Dr. Hood, the last appointed resident physician and superintendent, made a suggestion to the governors, which, after careful inquiry, they found to be not only wise but practicable without violation of their charter, and which they have accordingly adopted.

Bethlehem is not for the rich; and, for the pauper lunatics of the community, there is now ample and satisfactory provision. But there is an educated working class, hitherto left to bear its own sorrow in sickness of the mind, or else be received among the paupers:—curates broken by anxiety; surgeons earning but a livelihood who, when afflicted with insanity, are helpless men; authors checked by sudden failing of the mind when bread is being earned for wife and children; clerks, book-keepers, surveyors, many more; who

often battle against trouble till the reason fails, and then must either come upon the rates, or, as far oftener happens, be supported by the toll of a brave wife's fingers, or by a sister who from scanty earnings as a governess pays the small fee that can be afforded to a third-rate, private, lunatic asylum. How often does the toiling governess herself break down,—and is she also, whose calling proves that she has been compelled to self-dependence, is she, when her dependence on herself is lost, to be thrown as a pauper on the county lunatic establishment? Here is a new use for Bethlehem, and it is owing mainly, we believe, to the wise thoughtfulness of Dr. Hood that upon such wanderers as these, and upon such only, the star of Bethlehem now shines. To make that fact distinctly known, is the whole object of the present notice.

For the last twelve months and always henceforward, Bethlehem Hospital has been and will be an institution for the reception and cure of no person who is a proper object for admission to a county lunatic asylum; but it will admit persons, chiefly of the educated classes, who with the loss of reason so far lose the means of livelihood that they cannot obtain suitable maintenance in a good private establishment. They will be maintained and treated while in Bethlehem, free of all cost to themselves, and also not at the cost of any living man, but as the just receivers of a legacy intended for their use and benefit. It is to be understood that now, as heretofore, patients in Bethlehem Hospital are of three kinds. Until Government shall have brought to their fulfilment certain plans which it is said to cherish secretly for the independent custody of criminal lunatics, there will be criminal lunatics in Bethlehem; but the building occupied by them is perfectly detached from the main structure, and is not under the control of the hospital authorities. In Bethlehem proper, it is necessary that a certain portion of the yearly income, arising from gifts made expressly upon that condition, should be spent upon the sustenance and relief of incurable patients. The number supported by this fund is limited, and there are always candidates for admission to the wards of the incurables awaiting any vacancy that may occur. The rest of the hospital and the main part of it, the leading design also of the institution, is for

the cure, not the mere harboring, of the insane. It is only to cases which there is fair reason to hope may prove curable, that admission will be given. Nobody will be received as curable who has been discharged uncured from any other hospital for lunatics, or whose case is of more than twelve months' standing; or who is idiotic, paralytic or subject to any convulsive fits; or who is through disease or physical infirmity unfit to associate with other patients. On behalf of any person of the class we have specified who has become insane and whose case does not appear to be ineligible on any of the accounts just named, application may be made to the resident physician of Bethlehem Hospital, Southwark, London, for a form which will have to be filled up and returned. The form includes upon one large sheet all the certificates required by the hospital, and every information likely to be required by the patient and his friends, or hers.

A patient having been admitted, is maintained and treated for one year. If he (or she) be not cured at the expiration of a year, and there remain hope, that appointed limit of time is extended by three months, and perhaps, again, and once—but only once—again, by three months; but the rule of the institution is, that patients be returned to their friends, if uncured at the expiration of a twelvemonth.

We did not know until we read a little book on the statistics of insanity, by Dr. Hood—in which ten years of the case-books of Bethlehem are collated, with the experience of other hospitals for the insane—how constantly insanity is to be referred to a depressing influence. Three in five of the men, and a still greater proportion of the women, who have come and gone through Bethlehem during a space of ten years, were maddened simply by distress and anxiety. The other assigned causes operate also by depression,—disappointment, over-work, death of relatives, bodily illness, the gloom which some account religious, and intemperance. In ten years, all Bethlehem furnished only six cases of lunacy through sudden joy; and Esquirol remarks that the excess of joy which destroys life never takes away the reason; "and," Dr. Hood adds, "he sets himself to explain away certain cases which are supposed to support a contrary conclusion." Every case in his own experience that looked like mad-

ness through excess of joy, he traced, upon investigation, to a reaction that produced the opposite emotion. The depressing influence of solitude is also a frequent cause of insanity; for which reason insanity prevails in lonely mountain districts, and is much more common in England among people who live in the country than among inhabitants of towns. A cheerful temper and a busy life, with generous and wholesome diet, are the best preservatives of mental health. Against them it is hard work even for hereditary tendency to make any head.

Another most important fact, which is expressed very clearly in the Bethlehem tables, urges every one who has contemplated taking advice for any friend become insane, to lose no time about it. Every month of duration carries the disorder farther from a chance of cure. The chances of cure are four to one in cases admitted for treatment within three months of the first attack; but after twelve months have elapsed, the chances are reversed, and become one to four. Of the whole number of patients admitted for cure into Bethlehem, cure follows in three cases out of five.

In saying this, however, we should give a false impression if we did not transfer an estimate founded by Dr. Thurnam upon the traced history of two-hundred and forty-four patients of the York Retreat, which we find quoted without dissent in one of the Bethlehem Hospital reports: "In round numbers, of ten persons attacked by insanity, five recover, and five die, sooner or later, during the attack; of the five who recover, not more than two remain well during the rest of their lives; the other three sustain subsequent attacks, during which at least two of them die. But, although the picture is thus an unfavorable one, it is very far from justifying the popular prejudice, that insanity is virtually an incurable disease; and the view which it presents is much modified by the long intervals which often occur between the attacks, during which intervals of mental health (in many cases of from ten to twenty years' duration), an individual has lived in all the enjoyments of social life."

It may be worth while, also, now that we speak of English insanity, to correct the common error which ascribes a tendency to produce insanity and suicide to our November weather. In England as in France, in Bethlehem as in the Salpêtrière, the greatest number of insane cases occur in the six summer months, especially in May, June, and July. In London, the greatest number of recoveries occur in November.

From The Economist.

Tallangetta, the Squatter's Home. A Story of Australian Life. By William Howitt, Author of "Two Years in Victoria," &c. London; Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1857.

MR. HOWITT has made a mistake in publishing this book in the form of a novel. It is deficient both in plot and character; the story is evidently a mere peg on which to hang descriptions of Australian life and scenery, and it is in these descriptions that Mr. Howitt's strength lies. If they are as true to nature as they are vivid and picturesque (and we are inclined to think that they are so from some charming pictures of English rural scenery that we have seen by the same author), these sketches cannot be easily surpassed. There is in particular a curious and exciting account of a bush fire, too long to extract here, but for which we must refer our readers to the work itself. The following passage gives at once a fair sample of Mr. Howitt's style, and a good idea of one of the brighter aspects of the golden land:—

"In the afternoon they came suddenly out upon a great plain, and its appearance called forth instant exclamations of delight and astonishment from the ladies. The plain was many miles in length, and three or four miles across; but the whole surface of it was one blaze of gold. It was like a billowy sea of gold, as the breeze rolled over the splendid flowers of which it was composed, and sent towards the travellers a rich fragrance. All round the aureate plain was hemmed in by dark forests, and over them in various directions showed airily the blue summits of distant mountains.

"We thought you would be rather amazed here," said Mr. Fitzpatrick and Charles, who had themselves been up to the station; and indeed their amazement and delight was unbounded. They all descended both from carriage and horseback, and ran into the prodigal flower ocean. The scene was in truth remarkable; the flowers consisting principally of two kinds,—a fine large and fragrant hawkweed, and a plant which sent up a dozen or more clean straw-like stems of a yard high from each root, on the summit of each of which was a solid globe of vegetable gold, an inch or more in diameter. Interspersed amongst them were large purple vetches, or Swainsonias, of a most delicious vanilla scent and various kinds of white and yellow everlasting. The whole was planted by nature in raised beds of a loamy mould, kept as clear from other plants or grass by the same

wonderful power, as if it had been done by an army of gardeners; and between these innumerable beds were walks of solid turf, but half hidden by the luxuriant billows of the golden efflorescence.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed the ladies, who walked enraptured about in this glorious garden of nature up to their very waist in the fragrant sea, and gathering handfuls of the superb blossoms as if they could never have enough.

"But you do not see the grandest thing of all," said Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"What is that?" asked the ladies, "What can be more enchanting than this scene?"

"Mr. Fitzpatrick pointed, with a face full of significant pleasure, to a hill on the opposite side of the plain, and said, 'Tallangetta.'

"Tallangetta!" exclaimed the ladies in one breath, and in the liveliest tone; and they stood in silent delight, as riveted to the spot. The scene indeed was well calculated to call forth this admiration. They beheld a range of bold hills,—bold in altitude, but soft and delicate in their outlines. They were covered with grass and dotted over with trees of a peculiar character—the Casuarinas or Shiacks—part of which, with their more rigid and outstretched branches, resemble pine trees, and others with their drooping gracefully, resembling large trees of broom. None of the ordinary gum-trees grew on the slopes of the hills, but their thick masses appeared here and there peeping from their summits. At places stony crags shot up on those summits, varying the softness of the scene; and to the right swelled up a more lofty hill, the upper parts of which were already scorched by the sun to the pale hue of sere grass. Half way up this hill stood a white house consisting of two ranges of buildings, united by a colonnade, and around it extended a considerable space of gardens and vineyards, enclosed in a ring fence.

"That is Tallangetta; that is the Squatter's Home," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, evidently delighted with it himself and seeming at the moment to forget his own far nobler house at the foot of the Cheviots, or the pleasant old brick manor house on the banks of the Trent."

These fair scenes are, however, liable to be invaded by a rush of excited diggers, hungry and thirsty, and like a swarm of locusts, devouring all before them—turning gentlemen's houses into inns—paying fabulous sums for bunches of carrots and onions—lucrative no doubt, but we should think highly disagreeable. The account of the gold diggings is amusing, and true enough probably, though it presents human nature in one of its least

pleasing aspects. Mr. Reade has, it appears, from a letter in the preface, availed himself to some extent in his last novel of Mr. Howitt's personal experiences in Australia, as given to the public in a previous work "Two Years in Victoria." We question the good taste of publishing so laudatory an epistle; indeed the omission of the entire preface would have been an advantage to the work, exhibiting as it does an extraordinary pros-

tration of the intellect to the deplorable absurdities of *Spiritualism*, in which Mr. Howitt seems to be a devout believer. The introduction of this element into the book gives it an air of unreality, and prejudices the mind of the reader at the beginning. Altogether this is a good book spoiled. Talent and material are here in abundance—all that is wanting, and the want is a serious one, is common sense.

A NOVEL GAME OF CHESS.—Mr. Hackwood having sent an extract from *Le Nord*, may not be aware that the novel game of chess to which he alludes has already been practised in this country. Some fifteen or sixteen years since, on the opening of the Lowther Rooms, in King William Street, Strand, since the temporary Chapel of the Oratorians, and still more recently occupied as Mr. Woodin's Polygraphic (?) Hall, there is a large chess-board laid on the floor, and *men and women*, dressed as pawns and pieces, were in attendance for the use of those who might choose to play at what was termed a "living chess." The manner was as follows:—The players were mounted in two boxes, something like pulpits, and directed the living chess to move, or take an opponent, which was always conducted by an encounter of weapons, and the defeated person driven off the board. The charge was five shillings each player per game, and the public were admitted at one shilling each as spectators. This account may be relied on, as the writer, being a lover of the game, once ventured to play a game with the "living chess;" but he found that however novel the affair was, though it might do for once, yet the battling of men and their not being specimens of "still life," was very perplexing to the player, and from the fidgetting of the individual chess-men he was in momentary expectation of seeing some of his pawns, or pieces, take huff and walk off the board without leave. The speculation was not a successful one, as few good players adopted a second edition of the game; so it remained open but two or three months, and the kings, queens, bishops, knights, rooks, and pawns, doffed their costume, and sought employment in some other sphere where they were more at liberty to follow their own inclination than at a "living chess."—*Notes and Queries*.

M. C.

WALPOLE AND MACAULAY'S RUINS OF LONDON.—When I recently showed that Walpole had sketched the ruins of London before Macaulay, I referred to a letter written by the former to Mason, in 1775. In the preceding year, however, he had indulged in the same prospect, in a letter to Mason, (Nov. 24, 1774). The ex-

tract below will still more closely remind one of the famous passage in Macaulay than the quotation I previously made from the letter to Mason:

"The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will perhaps be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. *At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's* like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra:—but am I not prophesying, contrary to my consummate prudence, and casting horoscopes of empires, like Rousseau?"—*Notes and Queries*.

A PRIMITIVE, CHEAP, AND USEFUL BAROMETER.—"On board the Mexican steamer is a Barometer of the most simple construction, but of the greatest accuracy. It consists only of a long strip of cedar, very thin, about two and a half feet in length, about an inch wide, cut with the grain, and set in a block, a foot thick. This cedar strip is backed or lined with one of white pine, cut across the grain, and the two are tightly glued together. To bend these when dry is to snap them, but on the approach of bad weather, the cedar curls over until the top at times touches the ground. This simple instrument is the invention of a Mexican guitar maker, and such is its accuracy, that it will indicate the coming of 'a norther' for full 24 hours before any other kind of barometer known on the coast."—*Mobile Register*, March 1, 1857.—*Notes and Queries*.

THE AUSTRIAN LIP.—The thick lips of the Hapsburg family are not unfrequently alluded to. The same peculiarity appears to have been noticed two centuries and a half ago. Burton says (*Anat. Mel.* part i. sect. ii. mem. 1. subs. 6.):

"The Austrian lip, and those Indians' flat noses, are propagated; the Bavarian chin, and goggle eyes amongst the Jews."—*Notes and Queries*.

From Household Words.

MY WINDOW.

I AM a very quiet man, fond of idle dreaming, fond of speculative studies, fond of a great many things that rarely make headway in this practical world, but which fitly furnish forth a life that has been almost blank of incident,—a life that parted with hope early—that may, in fact, be said to have lost the better part of its vitality when Nelly died.

Nelly was not my wife, but she would have been if she had lived. I can speak of her calmly now, but time was when my very soul sickened for sorrow at her loss; when I would have rushed with eagerness to the grave as a door through which I must pass to behold her dear face again. Sometimes a spasm of anguish thrills me even yet, when I recall her image, as she was when she left me nearly forty years ago; most winning fair, most beautiful, that image seems, glowing with innocent youth, palpitating with tenderness and joy. Then I ask myself, will she know me? will she love me?—*me*, worn old and gray—in that other world, where we two shall surely meet? Will the bright spirit-girl recognize the love of her earthly youth in the man of full three-score years and ten? Will her countenance—will mine—be changed and glorified? The angels cannot be purer than Nelly was: purer or lovelier. I cannot help thinking of this reunion. I cannot help speculating whether she is waiting for me to come to her as impatiently as I am waiting to depart. In the dead of the night I have awakened with a low trembling at my heart, and have been conscious of a strange presence in the room, which faded out of it as I listened breathless for some voice to speak to me—Nelly's voice to cheer me—when sound there was none.

When Nelly died, I was a young man. I had hopes, prospects, interests, even ambitions in life. But, after that, worldly matters became irksome to me; and worldly prosperity failed me. Friends and acquaintances looked shyly on one who had not elasticity enough to rise up under the weight of a crushing sorrow; they turned their backs on me; I turned my back on them. Henceforth our ways lay wide apart: theirs, in amongst the struggle, the toil, the great weariness of life; mine, by the quiet waters that flow down peacefully to death. The love of seclusion

has grown upon me as moss grows upon a rooted stone; I could not wrench myself away from it, even if I would. Of worldly pelf I have little, but that little suffices me; and, although my existence seems selfish—nay, is so—I lack not interest in my kind. I catch hold of a slight thread of reality, and weave it into a tissue of romance. The facts that I cannot know, imagination supplies me with; and my own temperament, still and melancholy, suffuses the story with a tender twilight hue, which is not great anguish, but which takes no tint of joy.

My abode is in one of the retired streets of London. I know not where a man can be so utterly alone as in this great Babylon. My favorite room has a bay window overhanging the pavement, and in its cornices, its door-frames, and its lofty carved mantel-shelf, testifies to better days than it is ever likely to see again. The rents in this quarter are low; and though, at certain long intervals the street is as forsaken and silent as Tadmor in the wilderness, still the surging rush, the rattle, the hum of the vast city, echoes through my solitude from dawn till dark. I love that echo in my heart. It is company. If I had been a happy, I should have been a busy man—a worker instead of a dreamer. That little rift—that great impassable gulf—between the Actual and the Possible!

I do not begin and end my romances in a day, in a week, in a month, or even in a year, as story-tellers do. The threads run on and on: sometimes smoothly, sometimes in hopeless entanglement. The merest trifle may suggest them; now, it is the stealthy, startled looking back of a man over his shoulder, as he hurries down the street, as if Fate with her sleuth-hounds, Vengeance, and Justice, were following close upon his traces; now, the downcast gray head of a loiterer, hands in pockets, chin on breast, drivelling aimlessly nowhere; again, it is the pitiful face of a little child clad in mourning; or, it is the worn figure of a woman in shabby garments, young, toilsome, hopeless; or, it is the same figure flaunting in silks and laces, but a hundredfold more toilsome, more hopeless. Occasionally I take hold of a golden thread that runs from a good and a happy life. Such a thread I caught three years ago, and the tissue into which I wrought it is completed at last. This is it:—

I have mentioned my bay window overhanging the street; in this window is a luxuriously cushioned old-fashioned red settee. By this settee, a solid-limbed table, on which my landlady every morning lays my breakfast, and the newly-come-in newspaper. It was while leisurely enjoying my coffee and unconsciously watching the tremulous motion of the acacias which overtop the low garden wall of a house a little higher up the street, that I first laid my hand upon the gleaming thread which shines athwart this gray cobweb romance—cobweb, I say, because so slight is it, so altogether fancy-spun, that perhaps the knowledge of one actual fact of the case would sweep it down as ruthlessly and entirely as a housemaid's brush destroys the diligent labors of arachne.

Perhaps it was the quivering green of the light acacia leaves, with the sunshine flitting through and lying upon the pavement like net-work of gold, that began my romance.

Every Thursday and every Saturday morning, for some months, I had seen a girl come round the street corner, without much observing her. I could have certified that she was tall and lissome in figure, and that she was scrupulously neat in her dress, but nothing further. That morning to which I refer in particular was early in June. The sun was shining in our quiet street; the birds were singing blithely in that over-grown London garden beyond the wall; the acacias were shivering and showering the broken beams upon the white stones as cheerily, as gaily, as if the roar of the vast city were a hundred miles away, instead of floating down on every breeze, filling every ear, chiming in like a softened bass to the whisper of the leaves and twitter of the birds. My window was open, and I was gazing dreamily on the branches above the wall, when a figure stopped beneath it and looked up; it was the young girl who passed every Thursday and Saturday morning. I observed her more closely than I had yet done, and saw that she was good and intelligent in face—pretty, even, for she had a clear, steadfast brow, fine eyes, and a fresh complexion. As she stood for a minute gazing up into the trees there was a curious, wistful, far-away look upon her countenance, which brightened into a smile as she came on more quickly for having lost a minute watching the acacia leaves. She carried in her hand a roll covered with dark-red morocco,

and walked with a decisive step—light yet regular—as if her foot kept time to a march ringing in her memory. "She is a music-teacher, going to one of her pupils," I said to myself; and, when she was gone by, I fell into my mood, and sought an interpretation of that thoughtful upcast look that I had seen upon her face under the trees.

"She was born in the country," I made out, "in some soft, balmy, sheltered spot, where all was pretty in the summer weather. There were acacias there, and these reminded her of them. Perhaps some one she knew and dearly loved had loved those trees, and she saw in the rippling shadows a long train of reminiscences that I could not see—things past because her expression was tender, yet things not sad altogether, because a smile succeeded the little wistful look."

After that Thursday morning I watched for her coming twice in the week, each time with increased interest. I always give my dream-folk names, such as their appearance and general air suggest. I gave her the name of Georgie. She seemed to have a certain stability and independence of character which spring out of an early—possibly an enforced—habit of self-reliance. This I deduced from externals, such as that though her dress was always neat and appropriate, it was never fashionable. She looked what women among themselves call nice. I should say her tastes were nice in the more correct acceptance of the word, and by no means capricious. She wore usually a gray shade of some soft material for her dress; and, that summer, she wore a plain silky white shawl, which clung to her figure, a straw-bonnet with white ribbon, and a kerchief of bright rose or blue. Her shoes and her gloves were dainty; and, from the habitual pleasantness of her countenance, I knew that if she were, as my familiar suggested, music and singing-mistress, the times went well with her. She had plenty to do, and was well paid.

Her coming was as good as a happy thought to me. Her punctuality was extraordinary. I could have set my watch by her movements those two mornings in each week. I watched for her as regularly as I watched for my breakfast, and should have missed her much more. By whatever way she returned home, it was not by my street. For two full months she came round the corner at ten minutes before nine, and, glancing up at the garden-

trees, passed down the opposite side of the pavement, and out of sight. All this time I could not add another chapter to my romance. She had ever the same cheerful brow, and quiet, placid, undisturbed mouth; the same dauntless, straight-looking well-opened eyes; the same even, girlish step, as regular and calm as the beat of her own young heart. I could but work out the details of the country home where the rose on her cheek bloomed and where the erect lithe shape developed; where the honest disposition grew into strength and principle, and where loving training had encouraged and ripened the kindly spirit that looked out at her eyes. Two or three little traits that showed her goodness, I did observe. Never a beggar asked of her in the street whom she did not either relieve or speak to with infinite goodness. I have seen her stop to comfort a crying child, and look after a half-starved masterless dog picking about the kennel for a bone, with a look on her face that reminded me of my lost one—so tender, so compassionate, so true, pure, womanly.

One evening at the commencement of August—it was about half-past six, and all the sun was out of our street—I saw Georgie, as I called her in my own mind, come down the pavement, still carrying the music roll; but not alone. There was with her a young man. He might be a clerk, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or any other profession almost, from his appearance; I could not tell what. He was tall, and certainly well-looking; but his face was rather feeble, and its complexion too delicate for a man. Georgie seemed his superior, in mind even more than in person. There was a suggestive slouch in his gait, a trail of the foot, that I did not like. He carried his head down, and walked slowly; but that might be from ill health, or that he wanted to keep Georgie's company longer, or a thousand things rather than the weakness of character with which, from the first glance, I felt disposed to charge him. He was perhaps Georgie's brother, I said at first; afterwards I felt sure he was her lover, and that she loved him.

Three weeks passed. Georgie's morning transits continued as regularly as the clock-stroke; but I had not seen her any more in the evenings, when I became aware that I had the young man, her companion, for an opposite neighbor. From the time of his

daily exits and returns, I made out that he must be employed as clerk somewhere. He used to watch at the window for Georgie; and, as soon as he saw her turn the corner, he would rush out. They always met with a smile and a hand-shake, and walked away together. In about a quarter of an hour he came back alone, and left the house again at ten. This continued until the chilly autumn days set in, and there was always a whirl of the acacia leaves on the pavement under the wall. Georgie did not often look up in passing them now. Perhaps she was thinking of the meeting close at hand.

The young clerk I called Arthur. Now that I had him as a daily subject of study, I began to approve of him more. I do not imagine that he was a man of any great energy of character; and even, what little he might have possessed, originally, must have been sapped by ill-health long since; but there was a certain intellectual expression on his pale, large brow that overbalanced the feebleness of the lower part of his face. I could fancy Georgie, in her womanly faith and love, idealizing him until his face was as that of an angel to her—mild as St. John's, and as beautiful. Indolent and weak, myself, what I approve is strength of will, power to turn and bend circumstances to our profit; in Arthur, I detected only a gentle goodness; therefore he did not satisfy me for Georgie who, I said to myself, could live a great, a noble life, and bear as well the strivings of adversity as she now bore the sunshine of young happiness. If I could have chosen Georgie's lover he should have been a hero; but truth placed him before my eyes too gravely for misconception.

The winter was very harsh, very cold, very bitter indeed; but all the long months I never missed the bi-weekly transits of that brave-eyed girl. She had a thick and coarse maul of shepherd's plaid, and a dark dress now; but that was the only change. She seemed healthy-proof against the cruel blasts that appeared almost to kill poor Arthur. He was always enveloped in coat upon coat; and, round his throat, he wore a comforter of scarlet and white wool, rather gaudy and rather uncommon; but I did not wonder why he was so constant to its use, when I remembered that it was a bit of woman's work, and that Georgie's fingers had knitted it, most probably.

Ill or well, the winter got over, and the more trying east-winds of spring began. Arthur did not often issue forth to meet Georgie then, and I believe he had been obliged to give up his situation; for, I used to see him at all times of the day in the parlor of the opposite house; occasionally, when the sun was out, he would come and saunter wearily up and down the flags for half an hour, and then drag himself feebly in-doors again. He sometimes had a companion in these walks, on whose stalwart arm he leaned—a good friend, he seemed to be.

"Ah! if Georgie had only loved him!" I thought, foolishly.

He was older than Arthur, and totally different: a tall, strong young fellow with a bronzed face, a brisk blue eye, and a great brown beard. The other looked boyish and simple beside him; especially now that he was so ill. The two seemed to have a great affection for each other. Perhaps they had been schoolfellows and playmates; but, at any rate, there was a strong bond between them, and Georgie must have known it.

I remember one warm afternoon, at the beginning of June, I saw Arthur and Robert (that was my gift-name to the brown stranger) come out and begin walking and talking together up and down the pavement. They were going from the corner when Georgie, quite at an unusual hour, came hurrying round it. She had in her hand one of those unwieldy bunches of moss-roses with stalks a foot long, which you can buy in London streets for sixpence, and she was busy trimming them into some shape and order as she advanced. She reached the door of Arthur's lodgings before they turned; and, just as she got to the step and seemed about to ring, she descried them in the distance. Spy that I was, I detected the blush that fired her face, and the quick smile of pleasure with which she went to meet them as they returned. Arthur took the flowers listlessly. I could see that he was getting beyond any strong feelings of pleasure or pain, through sheer debility; In fact, he was melting away in the flame of consumption as rapidly—to use a homely saying—as a candle lighted at both ends. I wondered, more than once, whether Georgie was blind to his state; for she still seemed as cheerful as ever, and still wore that calm, good expression which I have men-

tioned before as characteristic of her. I believe she was quite in the dark, or else so full of hope that she could not and would not admit a sad presentiment. Arthur stood silent and tired, while Robert and she spoke to each other; and, after a minute or two, he grew impatient and would go in-doors. I thought Georgie looked chagrined as the door shut, and she was left outside. I could not quite interpret that bit. She remained hesitating a second or two, and then started very quickly—as if she had forgotten something,—back in the direction from which she had come.

Sometimes in my romances I should like to alter the few certainties that impose themselves as checks on my fancy. I would fain alter here, for instance, and make out that Robert fell instantaneously in love with Georgie, and that poor Arthur was only a cousin for whom she had a quiet, sisterly affection, and nothing more,—but I cannot. They were surely lovers, whose hearts were each bound up in the other, and there was a parting preparing for them, such as had severed my darling and me.

The Thursday after the little incident of the moss-roses I missed Georgie for the first time. Could she have passed by earlier, I asked myself? I was certainly late for breakfast. On the following Saturday it was the same. "She has given up her pupil in this direction, or she is ill," I said; but the next week I watched, with an anxiety that quickened every pulse, for her coming. I took up my post on the settee early, and kept my eye on the corner; but never saw her. On the succeeding Saturday I almost gave up my hope; for she was still absent, and I lost many an hour in devising explanations why. But the following Thursday my romance was continued. When I went into my sitting-room and threw up the window. I saw the thin, pale hand of my opposite neighbor holding back the curtain of the window as he lay on his bed and presently Georgie went by on my side, that his eyes might, for a moment, be cheered as he saw her pass. After that, I often saw the wan face of Arthur at the glass, and sometimes Robert's healthy brown visage beside it. One afternoon, Georgie came, as it were, stealthily to the door and rang the bell. She had a little basket and some flowers which she gave to the woman of the

house, with whom she spoke for a while, and then she went away very grave, downcast, sad. I was sure that she knew at last.

Every day now, two incidents recurred regularly. One was the arrival of the doctor in his green chariot; the other, the arrival of Georgie with her little basket and her nose-gay of flowers. She always went in-doors and stayed—sometimes only, a few minutes, sometimes an hour or more. At this time my romance got a new light, or rather a new shadow. I began to think that Arthur was all Georgie had in the world; for nobody ever came with her: nobody ever spoke to her, but the woman of the house, and Robert.

Occasionally Robert would come out with her on the door-step, and they would converse together for a little while. It was about Arthur, I knew, from their serious looks and glances up to the room where he lay. I cannot tell how much I felt for Georgie, in the loneliness by which my imagination surrounded her. I began to see in Arthur many virtues, many merits, which must have made her love him, that I had never seen in him before. His wan face looked patient, his great brow more spiritual than ever, and I was sure she would cling to him with a keener affection as she beheld him passing away. Did I not remember how it had been with me and Nelly!

I suppose when death comes amongst us; no matter how long we have been warned; how long we have used ourselves to think that he might knock at our door any day—his coming appears sudden,—unexpected. I rose one morning as usual; and, on looking at the opposite house, saw that the shutters were closed and the blinds all down. Arthur, then, was dead. The milkman came to the door, the baker, the postman with his letters—letters for a dead man.

It was Thursday morning. Georgie would pass early. A little before nine she came, ran swiftly up the house-steps and rang. At the same moment, advanced in another direction, the man with the board on which the dead are laid. He was but just gone, then! Georgie stood by to let him pass in before her, and I saw the shiver that ran through her frame as she watched him up the stairs, and thought what he was going to do. Robert came out to her; his manly face, grief-stricken and pale, was writhing as he

recounted to her, perhaps, some dying message from Arthur, perhaps some last token of his love—I know not what.

Nelly's last moments,—Nelly's death over again to me!

Then Georgie came out crying—crying, O! so bitterly; and in going down from the door she dropped the flowers that she had brought in her hand to gladden eyes that the sight of her would never more gladden on this earth. Robert picked them up; and, after watching her a few minutes on her way, went in again and shut the door. But, in the afternoon, she returned and went up-stairs to see what had been her lover. It is good to look at the cast-off mould of what we love; it dissevers us so coldly, so effectually from their dust. It forces us to look elsewhere for the warm, loving soul that animated it. There is nothing in that clay that can respond to us. That which we idolized, exists elsewhere.

Every day—sometimes at one hour, sometimes at another—Georgie came to the opposite house, was admitted by Robert and visited the relics of her beloved. She seemed to be more than ever alone; for, even in these melancholy comings and goings, she was always unaccompanied. On the sixth day from Arthur's death, there was a funeral; and Georgie and Robert were the only mourners who attended it. Seeing the girl in her black clothing, white and tearful, I said, "She did love him, and I hope she will stay—for his sake—a widow all her life!"

The Thursday and Saturday morning transits were now resumed. Georgie looked graver, loftier, more thoughtful; like a woman on whom sorrow has lighted, but whom sorrow cannot destroy. Robert left the opposite house and sometimes my fancy went home with the poor, lonely girl, and I wondered whether she had any friend in the world who was near to her and dear to her now.

For upwards of six months I never missed her with her roll of music twice in the week; but, at the end of that time, she suddenly ceased to appear in our quiet street, and I saw her no more for a long time. I thought that this romance of mine, like many others, was to melt away amongst the crowd of actualities; but, yesterday, behold! there came upon me its dramatic conclusion. Georgie and Robert, he strong and handsome

as ever, she fair and lovely, and wearing garments that had the spotless air of belonging to a new bride, came like a startling sun-break into its gloom. They paused opposite the house where Arthur died, seemed to recall him each to the other, and then walked on silently and more slowly than before; but before they turned the corner I could see Georgie smiling up in Robert's face, and

Robert looking down on Georgie with such a love as never shone in Arthur's cold, spiritual eyes.

For an instant I had a little regret,—a little anger against her—but it passed. Let Georgie live her life, and be happy! Did I not at the first wish that Robert—and not Arthur—had been her choice?

PARADISE OF THE OLD.—I have no means of obtaining any satisfactory tables to shew the proportions which different ages bear to one another in China, or the average mortality at different periods of human life; yet to every decade of life the Chinese apply some special designation. The age of ten is called "the Opening Degree;" twenty, "Youth expired;" thirty, "Strength and Marriage;" forty, "Officially Apt;" fifty, "Error-knowing;" sixty, "Cycle-closing;" seventy, "Rare Bird of Age;" eighty, "Rusty-visaged;" ninety, "Delayed;" one hundred, "Age's Extremity." Among the Chinese, the amount of reverence grows with the number of years. I made, some years ago, the acquaintance of a Buddhist priest living in the convent of Tien Tung near Ningpo, who was more than a century old, and whom people of rank were in the habit of visiting, in order to shew their respect and to obtain his autograph. He had the civility to give me a very fair specimen of his handwriting. There are not only many establishments for the reception of the aged, but the penal code provides severe punishments for those who refuse to relieve the poor in their declining years. Age may also be pleaded in extenuation of crime and in mitigation of punishment. Imperial decrees sometimes order presents to be given to all indigent old people in the empire, —*Sir John Bowring in the Transactions of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Part V.*

DRESS-PARTIES IN ANCIENT EGYPT.—One very usual subject in the tombs, is the reception of guests at a party; and Egyptian artists, fully alive to caricature, have sometimes shown that the little follies of gossip, display of finery, and conceit, were as common in those days as in later times. Here, a man of fashion arriving in his curricle long after the other guests are assembled, thinks to increase his consequence by this affectation, as well as by the number of his attendants and running-footmen; there, women examine, with the eyes of envy or curiosity, the jewelry of a neighbor; and the profusion of gold and silver vases set out on the sideboard, proclaim, by their utter uselessness on the occasion, that love of display alone procured them a

place in the festive chamber. In another place, the consequence of the master and mistress of the house is indicated by the submissive obeisance made to them by the dancers and musicians hired to entertain the company; and as the principal people who gave these entertainments were of the priestly class, we learn, that however they might lecture the people on the propriety of considering this life a mere passage to a future state, and of mortifying their appetites for pleasure, they were themselves by no means averse to the good things of this world, and enjoyed their comforts like the rest of the community.—*Wilkinson's Egyptians in the Time of the Pharaohs.*

PREVENTION OF CASUALTIES ON GOODWIN SANDS.—Along the narrowest part of the English Channel, off the Kentish coast, is a quicksand about twenty miles long, and several miles broad. On the edge of this abyss, at long intervals, are some scattered lights; but, during hazy weather, confounded with numerous other beacons, these are worse than useless, while in storms, they disappear altogether. This abyss is the famous Goodwin, where some noble ship, with her whole crew, is every now and then engulfed. A more efficient, but very simple protection has been devised by Mr. George Chown; consisting of a double line of buoys, each furnished with a large sonorous bell, placed round the entire area, the outer line two miles from the quicksand; the inner, a quarter of a mile nearer; and the buoys 100 yards apart. On the coast-side, one line would suffice, with the buoys 300 yards apart. In stormy weather, the bells would be set in motion by the sea; and in an absolute calm, so far as steamers are concerned, the paddles would serve to draw forth the warning voice.—*Chambers' Journal.*

SPINETS.—Spinets may yet be found in old family mansions occasionally. I saw one not long since. It was the shape of a grand piano, but much smaller, and was valued as a curiosity. It answered the description given of that instrument in Rees' *Cyclopædia*.—*Notes and Queries.*

From The Times, 25 Sept.

MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

THE meetings of Sovereign Princes are now but commonplace things. In old times the portentous conjunction of two great Potentates filled the world with forebodings of change and disaster; but now the facility of intercourse, the love of travelling, and the special activity and curiosity of two or three occupants of thrones have accustomed us to the sight of Royalty either unbending among its loyal subjects or fraternizing gracefully with its august equals. The approaching interview between the Emperors of France and Russia cannot be expected to excite among us any deep emotion. Indeed, the locomotion of Monarchs is pre-eminently one of the Napoleonic ideas. George III. and Louis XVI. vegetated quietly enough in their capitals or their almost suburban Windsor and Versailles. In those days one King seldom looked on the face of another, and though the whole race were related within no very distant degree of affinity, they seldom communicated, except when a piece of Sèvres porcelain or a marriageable princess was despatched from one capital to another. But the great Conqueror liked to be his own Ambassador as well as General, and even when there was no particular business to be done it was gratifying to be the centre of a crowd of Kings, Electors, and Princes, all with favors to ask and flatteries to offer. Now such meetings have become habitual, and though the interview at Stuttgart may call up some memories of Tilsit and its conferences of 50 years since, we see in it more an act of mutual courtesy than the inauguration of a scheme of European policy.

The emperor of the French is, indeed, we think, wise in thus demonstrating openly his full reception into the brotherhood of European Sovereigns. The late Czar inflicted on him five years ago a slight which was followed by a severe retribution. When the representative of the Cæsars and the Sovereign who fills the venerable throne of these kingdoms were content to address the new Monarch as their equal, the arrogant despot of a half-civilized empire chose to withhold from him the usual expressions of courtesy. The insult was open and studied; it was intended to show to Europe that the chorus which hymned the greatness and power of the Czar was justified in its praises, and that a Rus-

sian ruler could afford to treat cavalierly the head of the great military State of Western Europe. It is no small triumph that within a few years the sons of Nicholas have come to pay their respects to the man who was not thought worthy to be styled the "brother" of a Russian Emperor. If the throne of Napoleon III. rests on prestige and glory, there is certainly something in this Stuttgart interview to give it a firmer support.

With regard to political matters, there will be little done at the meeting, simply because there is little to do. Those who think that a conversation between two Sovereigns can decide the destinies of Europe have little notion of the change which has passed over the world since last a Bonaparte met a Romanoff. Then there were only Kings and Generals, now there are nations well acquainted with their own interests, there are an enlightened public opinion and a high moral code. No State is powerful enough to invade a neighbor's rights, or too weak to maintain its own. Prussia and Austria, whatever may be their jealousies, are united in upholding the independence of Central Europe, and the smaller States of Germany are indissolubly linked with them by interest and the memory of past dangers. Belgium and Holland are prosperous, respectable, and respected. Sardinia has the sympathies of the world and may fearlessly continue in the course she has chosen. Never was the fabric of Europe more solid and well cemented than at the present time, when the progress of events and the spread of enlightenment have realized the long-desired balance of power. Therefore, without urging the character and repeated assurances of Napoleon, or the obvious interests of Alexander, we may dispel the fears of alarmists, if such there be, by pointing out that Europe is too strong to fear the alliance of any pair of Potentates. Nothing can be done except in accordance with the principles already accepted as public law. Then, too, the principal questions which have been lately in dispute may now be considered as settled. The last subject connected with the East—the political arrangement of the Danubian provinces—is understood to be no longer a matter of contention. Each nation has fulfilled the Treaty of Paris, and seems inclined to abide by it. The question of Italy, the question of Spain and Mexico, need present

no insuperable difficulties. The two Emperors, should they discuss the affairs of Europe, will find as little field for pacification as there is opportunity for disturbance.

But there is one point to which the two Sovereigns may turn their attention. Europe has at last, after the struggle of centuries, established the principle of national independence. It may be said to be now part of public law that no State of our community, however poor, or perverse, or ill-behaved shall be conquered or despoiled. The Turkish Empire and Sweden have just been solemnly guaranteed the integrity of their territory, and each of the great military States repudiates the notion of offensive war. Why, then, should the continent bristle with bayonets, and every city echo with the roll of drums and the challenge of sentinels? Why should young men be torn by hundreds of thousands from the plough to pass years of military idleness in barracks and camps, while women hoe the cabbage-ground or carry baskets of earth on their backs up the hill-side vineyards? If the French Empire means peace, if the Russian Empire means railways and corn-crops, let the world have the benefit of the change. Where no one wishes to strike, there can be no need of this unchanging posture of defence. War itself is hardly a greater evil than such an exhausting preparation for it. The two Sovereigns who will meet in a few days at Stuttgart rule the nations which, in the opinion of the world, are the great obstacles to a general disarmament. Every one knows that Prussia and Austria are not aggressive Powers. England, of course, desires not an inch of ground on the continent of Europe, and is prosperous in proportion to the peace and prosperity of the continent. It is France and Russia which by their armaments continually menace the quiet of Europe. We firmly believe that France in the present day has no appetite for conquest, and that her vast army is kept up in a great degree in deference to certain traditions of former days. But the French have nothing now to fear from Anglo-Austrian or Anglo-Russian coalitions, and half their enormous army might beat its swords into ploughshares with perfect safety. If Napoleon III. can promote a general disbanding of levies which are now unneeded for any good purpose, this jubilee of Tilsit will not have been held in vain.

From The Times 24 Sept.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

WHAT is happening to us in India cannot be represented by any of the ordinary types of misfortune. Earthquake, disease, mutilation, and such natural images are employed to describe confusion, agony, prostration, and difficulty. But they suppose only a partial loss, or a degree of suffering. In this instance the very thing that constituted our strength and our substantial existence is not merely injured and weakened, nor does it merely disappear; it is turned against us; it has become our deadly foe and our imminent peril. We held India as a great military Power, and as a military Power we may be said at this moment to have ceased—worse than ceased, inasmuch as our own power is that against which we have to contend for existence. A disembodied army we know by our home experience may be a very harmless thing. But in India we are now realizing the metaphysical conception of a body at war with the spirit, possessed with an evil spirit of its own, and fighting against its proper soul. Even Mezentius did not imagine so horrid an idea; and it would require the fantastic genius of Dante to do it justice. To take another more familiar simile. A short year since we trod the deck of a mighty vessel, proud of its strength, its vastness, its beauty, and, above all, its absolute and unshaken security. Year after year, alike in calm and in storm, under all possible circumstances, it had borne us where we wished. In sacred phrase, it was that wherein we trusted. We could not but trust it, and that confidence had become a second nature. All at once it leaks, it fills, it settles down, it crashes, it bursts, it sinks in the waves. But it was that whereon we walked. It was our stand and footing. When it sinks beneath our feet we are left helpless. In its faithfulness all is gone, for the present at least. Half an hour ago we were a floating city, a little State, a world of our own. Now we are drifting here and there in the waste of waters, catching, if fortune favors, at a plank, a spar, a tub, or a hencoop. Perhaps a boat has been launched; more likely it has been swamped or crushed; perhaps a raft has been hastily constructed, and half-a-dozen sailors are fighting for dear life against sun and storm, hunger and thirst. But this is all that remains of the noble craft that lately

trod the waves like a thing of life. The Eastern story of the sailors who landed on a green island, made a fire, and began to cook their dinner, when the monster, as it turned out to be, went under and left them adrift, approaches to the case of a whole army in mutiny. But it only approaches, for the receding mass re-appears and forms itself anew into a fearful antagonist. Yet it is that which we created. Suppose Frankenstein hunted down by his monster; suppose Prospero mastered by Caliban and his drunken associates; and we have a faint image of our condition. The theory was that we held and governed India by means of itself. We are now at deadly issue with "itself," and have to destroy it by means of India. When that is done we have to consider how to hold and govern India for the future, for the first instrument is gone.

No doubt such a mishap can be an object of deep and dispassionate interest to our European neighbors. Here is England, little England, so lavish of her money, but so thrifty of her men, with an army of sentries, which shortens the muster-roll to burden the *Army List*,—what will she do to replace the boasted weapon which she borrowed from India to turn against her? Dire indeed must the extremity be when the first thing to be done is utterly to destroy that which constituted our power, and when it can only be replaced from the same vitiated or suspected materials. Well, let us wait and see. Let our neighbors have their say and speak out. From their own mouths let us accept candid testimony to the condition out of which we have to emerge. The event will show how we really do hold and govern India. The Bengal army is no more. A hundred thousand men are lost to us, and the greater part are in arms against us. That noble body of born and bred soldiers by the aid of which we have conquered and annexed so many rich territories and warlike tribes, and which dissipated in a few days the dark cloud from the Punjab to which our European neighbors had long pointed with expectancy, is now sternly bent on numbering England in the long list of its conquests. If it was ever true that the native army was the whole or nearly the whole, of our strength in India, then our empire would indeed be now in its last hour. But the world will shortly find they must give us credit for other resources and a

stronger hold upon India than this one has proved to be. It is now said we have to reconquer India. That expresses the very nature of the task, though only half of it, for we have to reconquer India organized, disciplined, trained, armed, provisioned, fortified, emboldened by ourselves. It is a task far greater than that which offered itself to us a century ago. We can only now succeed by the extraordinary prowess of the British soldier making up for the most fearful odds; and even that would now be utterly unavailing, but for another means equally the subject of invidious scepticism. We could not now march 1,500 miles right through India with a handful of men, opposed everywhere by a magnificent army of our own creation, and with every advantage of possession, unless we enjoyed the confidence and goodwill of the native population. When we resume our position there, will our neighbors who now tell us candidly all if lost, then tell us as candidly how we have recovered it? It can only be done by virtues which must then be conceded to us, with whatever reluctance. We must be a nation of soldiers; and, what is more, we must have the qualities for attaching to us those less powerful nations whom the fortune of war throws upon our hands.

On this point, so far, the evidence of facts is most cheering. The mutineers have not the confidence or sympathy of the general population. The natives plainly understand that the cause of order, security to life and property, religious liberty, justice, and humanity, are involved in the British rule. We must not confound first appearances or exceptional incidents with the evident tenor of their conduct. There are in India those who in fact, war on the population, and at such a crisis do it the last injury of seeming to take its place. There are robber tribes who traverse India, sometimes on the move, and sometimes settled, by the chance of war and politics, in particular localities. There are military populations. There are still the immediate descendants of marauders who, within living memory, have won for themselves principalities, and some of whom can still muster men for any cause. There are all over India, as elsewhere, bad subjects, simple ruffians, men who live by light wits and light fingers. Carrying our British humanity with us, we have not followed the example of former rulers in disposing of such men summa-

rily and finally; but we try them, give them every chance, and then put them in prison, where they are cared for and guarded at no small cost to the treasury. At every important station we have had several thousand such prisoners, and incredible numbers even at stations hardly known to this country. For all this century we have been engaged in the most incessant and laborious attempts to extinguish Dacoitee, Thuggee, professional poisoning, and other systems and classes of crime. The mutiny has of course released all these mischievous elements, which have immediately, and by a species of necessity, followed their natural instinct. The release of crowds of murderers and robbers from prison, the flocking of others from the villages, and the stimulus given to latent roguery by the prospect of plunder "beyond the dreams of avarice," and absolute license for everything bad, would account for almost any extent of outrage in most places in the world. But in India there certainly is a good deal of innate barbarism which ages of gaudy magnificence, grotesque poetry, and dreamy metaphysics have not smoothed away. All history there, public or private, is a catalogue of horrors. Massacres, assassinations, generally of the most treacherous kind, tortures, usually for the discovery of supposed treasure, long-cherished revenges, and extensive conspiracies, have there constituted the ordinary tenor of events. Every Indian rajah or gentleman has looked upon the British as very dull fellows, with no relish for this kind of sport, and has hated them for standing guard between uncles and nephews, between the children of different wives, the partizans of rival viziers, and all sorts of people who would otherwise long ago have disposed of one another after their own fashion. All this has broken out, and the saying of "Hell let loose" does not mean more. But, nevertheless, there is a simple, industrious population, attached to their homes, struggling hard for life, who have found England their friend. They see and feel that we are humane, just, and true. They see that life and property are safer under us than under the tyranny of the Moguls or the utter lawlessness of the Mahrattas. They are on our side. As a rule, the villagers have not risen against even our poor fugitives. The narratives of escape must, indeed, be read with care, in order to distinguish between the acts of ordinary vil-

lagers and those of mutineers, professional robbers, and disorderly tribes. Even at this moment, when we may be said to have lost all the North-Western provinces of Hindostan, except a few stations, and when 70,000 men are in arms against us, our relations with the country at large are just as usual. From the walls of Delhi all the way to the Sutlej, on the west, and the Himalayas on the north our communications are uninterrupted; we have the services of men and cattle at our command; we have supplies as abundant and cheap as before the mutiny; and to all military purposes the country is our own. With few exceptions the native chiefs befriend us, give shelter, carriage, and escort to our fugitives, and do this without expecting to offend their immediate neighbors. Here, then, we have that resource which is stronger than the sword, and which some people have been slow to credit us with—we have a secure place and a solid foundation in the confidence of the people. That remains when the army of Bengal has turned against us; and by it, as well as by British prowess, we shall speedily recover our position in India.

From The Times, 24 Sept

SIEGE OF DELHI.

THE sympathies and interest of the nation have recently been so absorbed in the fortunes of General Havelock and his troops on their advance from the lower provinces of India, that attention has been somewhat diverted from the spot which at first arrested the thoughts of all. The siege of Delhi, however, by the latest accounts still proceeded, and though the operations to which that term is rather loosely applied have not yet been directed towards any immediate or decisive result, they have been successfully conducted, and have probably tended upon the whole as much to the advantage of the Government and the damage of the rebellion as any tactics which could have been adopted.

It is not to be denied that the occupation of this famous city was a piece of great good fortune for the mutineers. Delhi is the only town of Hindostan where the ancient fortifications have been kept in repair, and these defences—not very considerable in themselves—have been strengthened by some additions from British engineers. Of still greater importance to the revolt was the Arsenal, which supplied them with guns for the ram-

parts, with abundant ammunition, and with all the small arms they could require. The Treasury, too, was richly stored, and in general opulence, population, and resources the city had no superior in native India. To these advantages we may add that of its position which was in the very focus of disaffection. The adjacent provinces represent the cradle and hotbed of Hindostanee fanaticism. It was from these parts that the high cast Sepoys were drawn, and the revolvers accordingly when established at Delhi found themselves exempt from any such popular hostility as their brethren experienced in the Punjab.

Yet, notwithstanding these favorable conditions, it is undisputable that the balance of advantages has been on the side of the Government. At first, of course, the march of our forces upon Delhi was suggested by the natural and instinctive desire of closing at once with the enemy in the quarters where he was to be found, but when it appeared that the strength of the mutineers precluded the idea of an immediate assault, and our own position had been taken up outside the city, the value of such a position became speedily visible. As this inaction itself presumed such a numerical inferiority on our side as rendered it expedient to wait for reinforcements, it is obvious that under such circumstances the conditions most desirable were that we should be as near as possible to our source of succor, preserve our communications uninterrupted, and engage the largest amount of the rebel force while maintaining ourselves in security and good plight. All these conditions were satisfied by our encampment before Delhi. The Punjab, as we explained the other day, promised more speedy and more ample reinforcements than could be expected from Calcutta. It contained some 10,000 European soldiers, with a population destitute of all sympathy with the revolvers, and was under energetic government. At the first outbreak, indeed, of the mutiny the only effective communication which our commanders could maintain was with Sir John Lawrence, who was then at Rawul Pindee, and but a short time elapsed before troops were pushed across the Sutlej to the support of the Delhi force. Recently the complete pacification of the Punjab has enabled its authorities to despatch succours in considerably greater numbers, but of all

the large reinforcements which it was expected would reach our camp in the course of last month the chief part by far would have proceeded from these districts. Our communications, too, in this direction have been admirably maintained. On the western banks of the Jumna the Hindostanee element begins to lose its predominance in the population, and the Sikh chiefs on this side the Sutlej who have been for some time under British protection have thrown themselves into the cause of Government and order with a cordiality and faithfulness leaving nothing to be desired. In some instances they have brought their retainers to the camp in person; in all they have provided us with unfailing and invaluable supplies. The result is seen in an open and secure line of communication with the Punjab and its resources. At one time the rebels had succeeded in occupying the cross road from Delhi to Meerut, but Meerut itself, Mozuffernuggur, Umballah, and all beyond and around we still hold and control, while, at the same time, the comparative proximity of such a force as that at Delhi reacts with a certain beneficial effect on the Punjab itself.

Our position has, by these circumstances, been rendered extremely favorable to the health and spirits of the men; and the reader, indeed, had an opportunity of observing, from some letters which we published on Monday last, to what a remarkable extent these advantages had been developed. Not only were "supplies as plentiful and cheap" in the camp "as they would be in the best regulated cantonments," but the condition of the troops was quite extraordinary. "Several of the regiments," continues the writer above quoted—a staff officer of rank, "are positively healthier, the commanding officers tell me, than they probably would be in cantonments." An Artillery officer, writing also from the camp and about the same date, tells a similar story. "The men," says he, "I think look well, much more so than I have often seen them look at this season of the year in cantonments;" and in correspondence which we have ourselves received it is noticed as matter of common observation that officers usually delicate and ailing appear strangely robust, and that when depression and alarm pervaded other quarters, the camp before Delhi was the scene of unbounded vivacity and confidence. All

this while we are occupying, with a force which, up to the latest advices, probably never exceeded 2,500 European infantry, at least ten times that number of the rebels; nor does this fact represent the whole of the advantage here derived, for Delhi has attracted and absorbed almost every fresh batch of traitors as soon as their revolt had been declared, and has thus engaged under the least injurious circumstances all the most resolute and disciplined of the mutineers. Without this centre of attraction they might be spreading revolt and anarchy in all directions, whereas at present they are quietly engulfed within the walls of Delhi, and either expended in fruitless attacks upon our position or reserved for the day of retribution in prospect.

Whether it may have been thought advisable in the progress of events to exchange this position for another is of course a point for conjecture only, but it must be plain, we think, that advantages of no ordinary kind have attended operations producing results like these. Let it be remembered that we commenced with a great numerical inferiority of force, that our policy necessarily assumed a defensive character for a time, and that the season was the hottest of the whole year. It is perfectly true that we have not been be-

sieging Delhi, and not even investing it, so that our proceedings may be so far regarded as deprived of any definite object. But it is also true that we have occupied the largest possible portion of the rebel force with the least possible loss to ourselves, and that the principal army representing the strength of Government in the disaffected districts has maintained its ascendancy without a single reverse against all the efforts of the revolt. It is even affirmed, as our readers have seen, in the majority of communications from the spot, that Delhi, as far as its capacity for immediate resistance was concerned, could be stormed at any moment we pleased; nor is there any improbability in the assertion, considering that an enemy at least half as powerful as the Delhi garrison evacuated both Cawnpore and Bithoor before Havelock and his men. We abstain, however, for the present from entering into these speculations, but it will be clear, we think, to all, that whether the reinforcements from the Punjab have induced our commanders to order the assault, or whether considerations of other kinds have suggested the removal of the army, our position before Delhi, under all the circumstances, has been attended with excellent service to the cause of Government.

WE see by the *European*, New York paper, that at Albany they are organizing a new association, called the *American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company*, the objects of which are worthy of being made widely public. Hitherto emigrants for the most part have betaken themselves to the wilderness, family by family, to spend their lives there, cut off from the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, and to die before they are overtaken by the humanizing influences of society. It is the object of the company to reorganize emigration entirely: to tempt bands of adventurers, composed, if possible, of acquaintances and neighbors, to make the enterprise together, and thus bring society and its amenities with them into the wild, and provide themselves with a ready-made market for the produce of their industry. Such communities are to be composed of persons representing the social and industrial interests the colonists have been accustomed to at home: the clergyman, the schoolmaster, the artificer, the laborers of every kind—all are to be assembled for the general good; and thus the mere fact of their settling in a village will con-

vert the before almost worthless land of the colonists into valuable property. The part the company are to play in this project is to furnish the capital; to purchase lands cheaply, because in large quantities, and with cash; to erect the grist-mill, the saw-mill, &c., and generally make all necessary or attractive improvements; then sell allotments to the colonists, reserving, like the government, a section here and there for themselves. We lately printed a little article called *Emigration made Easy* (alluding to the through-ticket system of the great Canada Railway), but the scheme to which we now bespeak our reader's attention is *Emigration made pleasant and profitable*—emigration by which the adventurer forfeits none of his usual moral and intellectual privileges, and finds himself the master of profitable land by the mere fact of taking possession. All this, however, let it be said, is something in the future. These sanguine dreams can be realized only by talent, energy, and unflinching integrity on the part of the company.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From The Literary Gazette.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

MR. CROKER, whose health has for some time been in a declining state, died on Monday night, at the villa of Mr. Justice Wightman, near Hampton. Thither he had been lately removed from his own residence at Kensington, in hope of deriving benefit from change of air and scene. For a time he appeared to rally, but his powers were exhausted, and in his 77th year he has passed away one whose name will have some distinction in the annals of literature.

John Wilson Croker was born in 1780, in the county of Galway, where his father, John Croker, was then engaged in his official duties as Surveyor General of Ireland. After receiving his preliminary education at Cork, he was sent up to Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his B.A. degree in 1800. The Historical Society was then in its early vigor, and in the rivalry of the mimic debates in that nursery of politics and oratory, young Croker acquired practice and confidence in public speaking. In 1802 he was called to the Irish bar, and in 1807, having been employed as counsel in a disputed election for Downpatrick, he contrived, after a temporary repulse, to obtain the seat for himself. He afterwards continued to sit in all the successive Parliaments until 1832, representing at different times Athlone, Yarmouth, Bodmin, and Dublin University. In the first parliament of William IV., which met in 1830, he sat, along with the present Duke of Wellington, then Marquis of Douro, for Aldborough, one of the boroughs disfranchised by the Reform Bill. Of that measure Mr. Croker, as was to be expected in one who had so long enjoyed the sweets of office, was a most vehement opponent, proclaiming constantly that it would inaugurate a period of turbulence and revolution. Croker was in Parliament a short time when Jeffrey was a member, and considered the rival critic and political journalist as worthy of his especial virulence. He had the benefit of long experience in parliamentary tactics, and hence was enabled to cause the brilliant and accomplished Scotchman frequently to appear at a disadvantage. The dexterous Ex-Secretary of the Admiralty watched his opportunity when his adversary was languid and collapsed, and unable to reply. Jeffrey was soon after made a Judge, and Croker's borough having

been put into Schedule A, he ceased to sit in Parliament, so that the contest of the rival wits did not long furnish amusement to the House of Commons. Croker's strength lay in uttering strong invectives and severe sarcasms, but he had little of genuine eloquence and less of sound statesmanship. His political creed was not like that of Sir Charles Wetherell, or Sir Robert Harry Inglis, and other old English Tories of that day, *magnanimi heroes, nati toryoribus annis*, as Christopher North called them. Croker's conservatism was an acquired feeling, in which reverence for great people, and even the outward badges of authority, formed no inconsiderable part. No man since Cibber displayed more the foible of boasting of his aristocratic acquaintances, and his perpetual anecdotes about this Duke and that Lord must be known to those who have been much in contact with him of late years. His political views had also assumed their color from the new position he occupied after being returned to Parliament. In Dublin he had professed liberal opinions on some points, such as Catholic emancipation. In London he was thrown in the way of patrons who secured his rapid advancement by an easier path. By an able speech against the prosecution in the Wardle charges he gained the favor of the Duke of York, and he acquired the friendship and patronage of other illustrious personages—the Prince Regent and the Marquis of Hertford among the rest—in whose circles his literary talents and conversational powers rendered him a welcome guest. In 1809 he obtained the appointment of Chief Secretary to the Admiralty, which he held till 1830, when he retired with £1500 a year charged on the Consolidated Fund. He declined taking part in public affairs after the passing of the Reform Bill, but notwithstanding his loud predictions of impending revolution, he quietly enjoyed for nearly thirty years his leisure and his pension, to which was added in 1837, a grant of £300 a year in the name of Mrs. Croker, charged on the Civil List, and, at a later period, apartments in Kensington Palace. In 1828 he had been nominated a Privy Councillor. More detailed notice of his political and official life would here be out of place; but his literary career was one of more enduring celebrity.

His first literary production was published

as long ago as 1803, anonymously. It was a volume entitled "Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq.," in which he gave earnest of the powers of sarcasm which characterized his later writings. "An Intercepted Letter from China" was his next work also anonymous, in which he gave spirited satirical descriptions of life and society in Dublin. Some poetical attempts were next made, the best of which were Songs of Trafalgar. At a later period the Battle of Talavera, Ulm, and other heroic or historical themes, incited him to metrical composition, but his poetry does not merit resuscitation, except in a brief record of his literary employments. He obtained more credit from a publication of a graver cast, in 1807, on "The State of Ireland, Past and Present."

After Mr. Croker's permanent residence in London, he found ample leisure for study, as seems to be the case with most of the men of letters who hold situations in the public offices under Government. "Letters on the Naval War with America," editions of "Lady Hervey's Letters," and of "Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Reign of George II.," a translation of Bassompierre's "Embassy to England," and various other works, were among the fruits of Mr. Croker's official leisure. One of the most popular of his works was a selection of "Stories from the History of England for Children," in which he sought to instil his now cherished political opinions into the minds of the young. The idea of thus using history for influencing public opinion was adopted by Sir Walter Scott, who employs it for the patriotic purposes of his Scottish "Tales of a Grandfather," which he acknowledged were founded on the model of Mr. Croker's "English Stories for Children."

In 1831 appeared the work which will secure Mr. Croker's name the most esteemed place in our national history of literature, his annotated edition of Boswell's Johnson. The industry and learning brought to bear on this work were immense, and the illustration of the biography from that time assumed a new aspect. A serious mistake was made in the arrangement of the work, according to which the variorum notes were incorporated with the text of Boswell. Numerous errors and blunders were also exposed in the reviews of the work by Macaulay, Carlyle, and other critics. To some of their attacks sat-

isfactory replies were given, but others were never met. However, in 1835, the appearance of an edition of the work, in ten volumes, with the notes withdrawn from the text and printed separately, disarmed further criticism, and subsequent editions, one of which is in a single volume, have established Croker's Boswell as the standard edition of the great Johnsonian biography. In his edition of Pope, Mr. Croker had the advantage of the active assistance of Mr. Peter Cunningham.

After his personal withdrawal from public life Mr. Croker's pen continued active in the cause of his political friends. His contributions to the "Quarterly Review," of which he was one of the original promoters and founders, are known to have been numerous, but it is needless to specify them, as a selection is announced for publication in a form similar to the articles of Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, and Macaulay, from the "Edinburgh Review." It will be found that Croker has had the credit or discredit of writing various papers which were really the work of Dr. Gifford, one of the most cruel and caustic of reviewers. However, in his recent review of Lord John Russell's "Life of Thomas Moore," and other acknowledged papers in the "Quarterly," Mr. Croker has shown quite as great skill in the use of offensive weapons as William Gifford did, and in fairer fields of attack. One of Mr. Croker's latest appearances before the public was in the controversy arising out of a translation of the Count Montalembert's book on "The Future of England," prepared under the superintendence of Mr. Croker. This unpleasant discussion is too recent to require being recalled to memory. The matter remained where it was taken up. Count Montalembert having demonstrated that his work had been unfairly altered by the translator, but whether by the direction or through the oversight of Mr. Croker was not satisfactorily explained. We have since recognized Mr. Croker's hand in occasional newspaper communications, as on the announcement of the late Duke of Rutland's death, when he published some reminiscences of a visit with the Duke to his Derbyshire estates many years ago. These gossiping recollections of great people formed a chief feature of Mr. Croker's conversation. When they touched on literary or historical matters they were valuable,

but quite as often they referred to social and personal details about aristocratic personages, much of the kind which enlivens conversation in "high life below stairs." The virulent bitterness of many of his anecdotes has frequently been described, and there was some ground for the remark that "Croker is a man who will go a hundred miles on the top of a coach through sleet and snow, merely to search a parish register in order to prove that a man is illegitimate, or that a lady has slightly understated her age." "Croker's malignity" was a byword and acknowledged fact with political friends as well as foes. His attack on Sir Walter Scott, at a time when his old ally was sinking under adversity and disease; his abusive article on Sir Robert Peel, written just after receiving the worthy baronet's generous hospitality at Drayton Manor; his treacherous onslaught on Moore while professing the warmest friendship—these and other too well-known cases confirm the common estimate of his character. Mr. Disraeli's grossly personal portrait of Mr. Rigby, in "Coningsby," accounts for the resentment shown against that politician by Mr. Croker in the "Quarterly." The icy heart of the brilliant sycophant at the table of the Marquis of Steyne, in "Vanity Fair," is represented by Mr. Thackeray under the

name of Mr. Wenham. A man like this few can have held in genuine respect. It was the interest of some to hold him up as an oracle, and his society was courted, and his information and talents made use of by those in his confidence, but he was much feared and little trusted by those out of the circle of his companionship. His zeal in obtaining public appointments for political and personal friends established a claim for the gratitude of the fortunate nominees, and it is understood that he gained for Southey, the honor of the laureatship. A record of his table-talk, at his house at West Moulsey and elsewhere, would contain many curious passages, and if he has left any personal memoirs their publication would be welcomed. One honorable memorial of his official life there is in the steady and warm support he ever gave to the cause of arctic adventure. Whether this was a spontaneous zeal on his part, or the result of Mr. Barrow's prompting, the name of Mr. Croker occupies an enviable place in the charts and official documents that record the exploits of British daring and skill in these regions. Mr. Croker was a Fellow of the Royal Society (1810), a Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society, and other learned bodies.

THE BLESSED EUCHARIST MINGLED WITH INK. The church historian Fleury has the following on this subject, speaking of the subscriptions to the acts of the eighth General Council held at Constantinople in 870:

"Nicetas, auteur du tems, dans la vie du patriarche Ignace, parlant de ces souscriptions, dit: Ils souscrivirent, non avec de l'encre simple; mais, ce qui me fait trembler, comme je l'ai ouï assurer à ceux qui le sçavoient, trempant le rossau dont ils écrivoient dans le sang du Sauveur. Les Actes n'en disent rien, mais la chose n'étoit pas sans exemple; l'historien Theophane dit du pape Théodore, qu'il mela du sang de Jesus Christ à l'encre dont il écrivoit la déposition de Pyrrhus."—*Hist. Eccl.*, Liv. 51. § 46.

It is also said that the same profane use of the B. Eucharist was made in signing the false peace between Charles the Bald and Bernard, Count of Toulouse, in the ninth century.—*Notes and Queries*.

MACAULAY'S RUINS OF LONDON.—Dr. Doran has certainly proved, from a letter dated Nov. 5, 1774, that to Walpole belongs the credit of having first sketched the ruins of London, and, consequently, that Macaulay cannot claim the idea as his own. The historian Gibbon, in the 25th chapter of his celebrated history, has also imagined the civilized New Zealander, and as this portion of the *Decline and Fall* was published in 1781, sixteen years before Walpole died, he can surely claim the idea as his own.

"If in the neighborhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate in the period of the Scottish history the opposite extremes of savage and civilized life. Such reflections tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas, and to encourage the pleasing hope that New Zealand may produce in some future age the *Hume of the Southern Hemisphere*."—*Notes and Queries*.

EN AVANT!

HEAVY and thick the atmosphere,
The prospect, narrow, dark, severe—
Yet a few steps the path is clear,
For those few steps, march on!

Dark rocks that frown as if in wrath,
Like giants ranged across the path—
Be sure the gorge some outlet hath,
So trustfully march on!

A deep wide stream that shines like glass,
Flanked by steep banks of slippery grass—
There is some bridge by which to pass,
So watchfully march on!

A tempest rattling in the wind,
The sun in thunder-robcs enshrined—
Doubt not some shelter soon to find,
Still hopefully march on!

The day goes out—the fog uperows,
Darkness the face of heaven enshrouds—
A voice shall guide thee through the clouds,
So patiently march on!

If Duty set you on the way,
You need not fear—you must not stay;
Still faithfully her word obey.
Still loyally march on!

Let but your aims be high and true,
Your spirit firm, but patient too,
A Titan's strength shall go with you,
Still fearlessly march on!

—Chambers' Journal.

M. H.

STANZAS.

STILL the same, ever the same, this outward
face of things!

Time but toucheth it gently; little the change
it brings.

Here where we sat together spreadeth the self-
same tree—

Curved and matted the branches, just as they
used to be.

Even the rich-toned lichen keepeth its place
and form,

Mellowing the old gray oak-bark, tinting it
sunset-warm.

Grandly the dome of beech-trees archeth the
old wood o'er;

Vividly fretteth the sorrel the deep brown beach-
leaf floor.

Even the delicate flowers cling to the self-same
spot;

Meadow-sweet decks the river, and blue forget-
me-not;

Close to the feathery larch-tree the woodbine
clingeth still,

The wild-rose scents the valley, the golden
gorse, the hill.

Cruel, O cruel Nature! put away the treacher-
ous veil!

Put away the smile of mockery—tell us a truer
tale!

Shatter the painful image of thy changeless
trees and stones!

Thou art a whited sepulchre all full of mould'-
ring bones!

Green is the grass above our graves; dearer the
death below;

No wood-songs bring our music back—it ceased
too long ago;

Why should thy soulless beauty, then, thus
everlasting seem,

The while our living flowers fade, and vanish
like a dream?

Thus spake I, standing lonely in the old un-
changing scene,

Marking the empty setting where the living
gems had been;

But the solemn voice of Nature rose on the wind
and said:

"Why wilt thou still be seeking the living amid
the dead?

The seed and the berry moulder, and the hard
stone mouldereth not;

But where rise the beauteous flowers?—where
the seed and the berry rot."

—Chambers' Journal.

J. M. H.

ONE TRUE HEART IS MINE.

I WILL not murmur at my lot,

Or deem it aught but good,

Though I must toil with head and hands

To earn my daily food.

I will not fret though Fortune frown,

Or at stern fate repine;

Since I can say—O Heaven, what joy—

That one true heart is mine!

The gay may cast their looks of scorn

Upon my humble garb;

Such looks give wounds, to some—for me,

They bear nor point nor barb;

I've hidden armor o'er my breast,

That seems almost divine;

No sneer can scathe, while I have power

To say: One heart is mine.

The rich may boast his golden store—

I envy none mere pelf;

But when I see it, I can smile,

And whisper to myself:

"O, joy of joys, how rich am I!

Without such wealth as thine;

God prosper thee, and give beside

Such a true heart as mine."

Now we must wait, that one and I,

And work to earn a home,

Where hands as well as hearts may join;

But the good time will come;

And though the waiting may be long,

Why should I sigh or pine?

Doubt, fear, away! for I can say

That one true heart is mine.

—Chambers' Journal.

RUTH BUCK.